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VOL. 49—No. 37.

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 Thy child's an angel now.

Lonely mother, all is well,
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GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From "The Times.")

Gloucester, Sept. 7.

The performance of sacred music in the Cathedral to-day began at half-past eleven, and finished a little later than half-past four. Owing, perhaps, in some degree to the splendid weather, the attendance at the Cathedral was much larger than had been anticipated. The aisles and transepts, which on Tuesday had been comparatively deserted, now looked much as every well-wisher to the widows and orphans, and for their sake, if for nothing else, to the Festival, would desire. They were, in fact, pretty nearly full. The selection, nevertheless, was made up of two unknown works and selections from a work comparatively unknown. Though composed nearly a century and a half ago, John Sebastian Bach's *Passion of St. Matthew* was never before included in the scheme of an English country festival; and, indeed, it is but thirteen years since Sir Sterndale Bennett first presented it in its entirety even to a London audience. Parts of the oratorio were, of course, familiar to genuine amateurs; and the full orchestra score, or at any rate the vocal score, was no less unquestionably in the possession of more than one enthusiastic musician; but, as a whole, the *Passions Musik*, although Bach's greatest inspiration, and revealing more of his actual inner self than any other of his innumerable productions, has been previously in this country little better than a myth. But, many as have always been the admirers of the Leipzig Cantor in England, from Samuel Wesley, senior, to his son, the organist of Gloucester Cathedral, this is hardly to be wondered at, since, in Germany, Bach's own country, the *Passion of St. Matthew* lay buried for exactly a century, until, in 1829, the youthful Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy unearthed it, and obtained the consent of his stern old master, Zelter, to have it performed by the Berlin Sing-Akademie. To-day, however, it has been given for the second time in an English church, the only fitting place for so purely religious a work; and the impression created by its performance under Dr. Wesley, with Mesdames Cora de Wilhorst and Patey, Signor Foli, Messrs. E. Lloyd and Brandon (of Gloucester) as solo singers; M. Sainton as solo violin, Mr. Done, of Worcester, as accompanist of the recitatives upon the pianoforte, and Mr. J. K. Pyne as organist, was quite as deep as some time ago, when the oratorio was heard in Westminster Abbey. All we can say at present is, that the execution of this sublime, elaborate, and very difficult music—thanks to the efficient preparatory and general rehearsals, inevitably denied to Handel's *Jephthah*—was for the most part strikingly good. There were occasional shortcomings, it is true; but the feeling generally was such as to render it not at all improbable that henceforth, like Handel's *Messiah*, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, the *Passion* of Bach may become a permanent feature at the Festivals of the Three Choirs. Mr. Done, we are informed, already contemplates introducing it at the next Worcester gathering; and, if that be the case, Mr. Townshend Smith will be morally compelled to follow his example at Hereford. So much the better for art.

The other novelty was *Gideon*, the oratorio by Mr. W. G. Cusins, who himself held the conductor's stick, and who can hardly fail to have been satisfied with the execution of his new work, which was in all respects admirable. The words of *Gideon* are selected from the Old Testament, by the Rev. F. T. Cusins, who has drawn largely from the Psalms, and has merely resorted to the 6th and 7th chapters of Judges for the materials of his story, which refers to the interposition of the Lord in favour of His chosen people, and the miraculous overthrow of the Midianites by the son of Joash. The petitions of the Israelites in their distress, the conference of the Angel of the Lord with Gideon, the miraculous means suggested by the Angel to enable Gideon to discomfort the enemy, the battle, in which Gideon, with his 300 men, destroys the armies of the Midianites, with the subsequent triumph and thanksgivings, are the leading incidents. Just now we must be content with adding that *Gideon* is decidedly Mr. Cusins' best work, and that the impression created by its performance this day was universally favourable. The oratorio, which occupies something more than one hour and a half in duration, comprises 20 "numbers," a good many of them

choruses. The personages are five—the Angel (soprano), an Israelitish woman (contralto), an Israelite (tenor), Gideon (baritone), and a Prophet (bass)—with choruses of Angels, Israelites, and Midianites. Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Brandon, were the representatives of the chief characters; and never have artists laboured more strenuously and conscientiously to secure a fair hearing for a new work. As we have hinted, the success of *Gideon*, about which we hope to speak in more detail to-morrow, was indisputable.

As if two oratorios—both new to the audience—were not enough for one day's musical feast, the overture, a trio, an air, and some choruses from Spohr's *Calvary* (the "Crucifixion") were superadded, bringing this almost unprecedentedly long selection of sacred music to a conclusion. In Spohr's music the solo singers were Mdlle. Tietjens, Miss Martell, Madame Patey, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

The second miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall to-night, and the *Messiah* to-morrow at the Cathedral, followed by a dress ball in the evening at the Hall, will "wind up" the Festival to an end. We are sorry to add that hitherto the subscriptions for the charity have been small, probably without example. On Tuesday, £102 was collected; on Wednesday, £97; and to-day only £70—£269 in all. This does not look like Gloucester, and it behoves those who should naturally take most interest in the charity to bestir themselves to-morrow. Doubtless the *Messiah* is a great incentive.

Friday, Sept. 8.

The last musical performance in the Cathedral was held this day, when the oratorio was Handel's *Messiah*, that imperishable work which has done more for the elevation of art, while at the same time doing more in the interests of charity, than any other production of its order which could possibly be named. That the *Messiah* was the means of bringing together the largest audience of the Festival week will easily be credited. It has universally been so, and is likely to be always so. Mendelssohn did not live to finish his *Christus*, which was intended to comprise the entire earthly career of the Saviour; and it is therefore, useless, to speculate upon how he would have set forth in music the most solemn and exalted of all themes, or to consider whether his *Christus* would have rivalled the *Messiah*, as his *Elijah* has indisputably held its ground against those oratorios of Handel which, in strict truth, are, like *Elijah* itself, more properly speaking, sacred dramas. We have this week, however, thanks to the enterprise of Dr. Wesley, been furnished with an opportunity of judging, side by side, the two greatest masters of choral music, and of comparing their respective treatments of the most absorbing chapter in the Redeemer's life. Bach, with the aid of the Gospel text of the Evangelist, gives us the *Passion* of Jesus in a quasi-dramatic form; while Handel, in his *Messiah*, introduces the *Passion* simply as an episode. Bach assumes the dramatic form through the intermedium of a supposed narrator, accompanied by reflective matter presented in the shape of chorals built upon the old familiar worship-tunes of the Lutheran Church and choruses of more or less importance; while Handel is, with rare exceptions, purely didactic. The idea of dramatically representing, with the agency of singers and players, any of the incidents of the Saviour's history, would never have entered into Handel's mind during his long residence in England, where such an innovation would scarcely have been understood, if, indeed, it would have been tolerated. Not, however, to enter further into a question which has been so often discussed, we may simply add that not the least interesting feature in the Festival which this day's performance in the cathedral brought to a close has been the juxtaposition of two works each in its way unapproached and unapproachable, and each a faithful reflex of the inner soul of one whose highest object was to devote the genius with which he was endowed, and the art of which he was sovereign master, to the service and glorification of true religion. If the presentation of works like the *Passion* and the *Messiah*, as some would argue, is only calculated to desecrate a church, those who think otherwise may be consoled with the belief that when adequately performed and devoutly listened to, they elevate and sanctify whatever building in which they may chance to be given.

But, apart from controversy, the Gloucester Festival of 1871 will be remembered long hence as the Festival at which the *Passion* and *Messiah*—the respective masterpieces of two of the greatest musicians, who, though compatriots and almost life-long contemporaries, never saw each other—were heard in immediate succession.

Any detailed account of how the *Messiah* was performed would be superfluous. On the whole, it was, perhaps, with the single exception of *Gideon*, which Mr. W. G. Cusins conducted himself, the best of the week—and this notwithstanding one or more shortcomings. The choruses were almost uniformly well, several of them, indeed, admirably, sung—instance “Hallelujah” and “Worthy is the Lamb,” to each of which, as an act of reverence, the entire congregation stood up. The principal solo voice parts were allotted to Mdle. Tietjens and Madame Cora de Wilhorst (soprano), Madame Patey (contralto), Mr. Vernon Rigby (tenor), Mr. Lewis Thomas and Signor Foli (basses)—the majority of whom, as is well known, are practised adepts in the music of Handel. The subordinate parts were undertaken by Misses H. R. Harrison and Martell, Messrs. E. Lloyd and Brandon.

The fine weather still prevails, and if this Festival has not been among the most successful on record, the elements, at any rate, cannot be called into account. There has been one wet day, culminating in a storm, which, however, did not prevent the Shire Hall from being as crowded at the first evening miscellaneous concert as it was crowded on the second, when neither rain in the morning nor storm at night militated against success.

Reserving our concluding remarks for another and final letter, we subjoin a revised official list of the collections for the charity, which sundry recent donations have swelled to a more considerable amount—

	£.	s.	d.
Tuesday	117	12	4
Wednesday	92	5	7
Thursday	206	1	10
Friday	186	17	7
Total	£602	17	4

This is a very poor result for Gloucester, it must be admitted; and rarely has so small an amount been collected after the *Messiah*. But more, we understand, and can readily believe, is to come. A tax ought to be levied on those who attend the full dress ball, the profits of which are never much to boast of.

Saturday, Sept. 9.

There is not a great deal more to be added to what has already been written about the 148th meeting of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester. There have been average good performances of *Elijah* and the *Messiah*; an evening performance of oratorios in the Cathedral, lighted up for the occasion; and more than creditable attempts at the production of some wholly or comparatively unknown compositions. The Festival, as we have already hinted, will be remembered not only as the Festival at which Bach's *Passion of St. Matthew* was first introduced in a provincial Cathedral Church, but as the Festival at which for the first time Bach's and Handel's respective ways of treating musically the *Passion* of the Saviour were heard in such approximation as to admit of close comparison. All we can say is that the result was glorious to both, although there is nothing in common between them; and we cannot thank Dr. Wesley heartily enough for the opportunity thus afforded of comparing two such inimitable masterpieces. A word is due to the new singer, Mr. E. Lloyd, for the really musician-like manner in which he gave most of the very trying and difficult tenor music in Bach's oratorio. Mr. Lloyd has still much to learn; but, if he perseveres strenuously in the same path, he has before him an enviable future. Of Madame Patey's thoroughly expressive rendering of the two *contralto* airs we need say nothing.

Gideon, the new oratorio of our clever countryman, Mr. W. G. Cusins, is so certain to be brought forward at no very late period in London, if only in consequence of its unquestionable success at Gloucester, that it is as well to reserve a detailed account of it for a second hearing. There is not much doubt but that the first favourable impression will be confirmed by the closer acquaintance which a new hearing will ensure. Mr. Cusins has

not only worked carefully and conscientiously in this, his first considerable venture on the highest path of musical composition; he has brought a certain degree of enthusiasm to his task; he has aimed, and aimed successfully, at variety of colour; he has endeavoured to make the several personages of his oratorio speak each as an individual, not to be confounded with the others; he has introduced just enough of scholastic “contrapuntic” writing to show how much he was in earnest, and, at the same time, not so much as to induce the dryness so often observable in early endeavours at this kind of writing, the most arduous and responsible of all; he has proved himself a master of orchestral scoring; and he is chiefly open to criticism with reference to his treatment of the voices—more especially of the solo voices. Mr. Cusins was lucky, however, in his quartet of principal singers—Mdle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, who distinguished themselves highly, and showed an interest in the new work as honourable to themselves as it was complimentary to the young English musician who had produced it, and whose admirable conducting was in no small degree instrumental in securing what was undoubtedly the most irproachable choral and orchestral display of the week. About the success of *Gideon* there can be but one opinion.

We have described the evening performance of the greatest musical interest—that which was given on Tuesday night, in the Cathedral, when long selections from Haydn's *Creation* and Handel's *Israel in Egypt* were presented, in which all the chief solo singers took part. The two miscellaneous concerts in the evening, at the Shire Hall, were for the most part made up of pieces so familiar to London audiences that it would be superfluous to write any detailed description of them. Many people criticize the Shire Hall as a music room. Doubtless, it has certain inconveniences, such as imperfect ventilation when the doors opposite the orchestra are closed, and unpleasant draughts when they are opened, but its acoustic qualities are unquestionably favourable to music. The first concert began with Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, written, as every amateur and musician is aware (like *Esther*, the first English oratorio), for the Duke of Chandos, Handel's most generous patron, and first performed at Cannons, in 1720, before the Duke and a select circle of friends. The execution, under Dr. Wesley's direction, of this familiar work (about which there is nothing to say, except that it was given with Mozart's additional accompaniments) was for the most part good, the chief, and in fact only signal failure being in the picturesque and splendid chorus, “Wretched lovers,” some parts of which the learned doctor took at a speed wholly unexampled. The solo parts were assigned to Mdle. Tietjens (*Galatea*), Mr. Vernon Rigby (*Acis*), and Mr. Lewis Thomas (*Polyphemus*), who created a marked sensation in the famous rhapsody of the love-sick monster, “O, ruddier than the cherry.” The part of *Damon*, the careful and passionless interceder, who, after the fashion of the chorus in Greek tragedy, offers excellent advice to each contending party, which, as a matter of course, is not followed, was omitted, by which was lost some of the prettiest music of the *serenata*. A selection from Weber's charming and characteristic musical drama, *Preciosa*, founded, we need scarcely add, upon one of the novels of Cervantes, was also in the programme. This comprised the lively overture, four choruses, a rustic dance, a gipsy dance, and a soprano air, attempted by Miss H. R. Harrison. From the overture to the end we have little but praise for the execution of this delightfully fresh and piquant music, in so far as chorus and orchestra were concerned. At the same concert, M. Sainton played his own brilliant and highly effective fantasia on airs from M. Gounod's *Faust*—played it to perfection, and was rewarded with a storm of applause. There was also the second finale of Spohr's genial and beautiful opera, *Zemire und Azor*, and a “selection,” in which Madame de Wilhorst, Misses Harrison and Martell, Madame Patey, Signor Foli, Messrs. Bentham, E. Lloyd, and Lewis Thomas, took part. In this Madame Patey made the strongest impression by her singing of “She wore a wreath of roses,” that simple English ballad of Knight's, for which, being unanimously encored, she substituted Mr. Hullah's “Miserere Domine,” a song of a very different character. The second evening concert began with a selection from Mozart's *Figaro*, comprising the overture (admirably played by the orchestra), the opening duet for Susanna and Figaro (Miss

Harrison and Signor Foli; the two airs of Cherubino, "Non so più," and "Voi che sapete" (by Madame Cora de Wilhorst, for whom they are by no means suited); "Non più andrai" (Signor Foli); the two airs of the Countess, "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono" (both sung to perfection by Mlle. Tietjens); the duet, "Crudel! perchè finora" (Madame de Wilhorst and Signor Foli); and "Sull' aria" (Mlle. Tietjens and Madame de Wilhorst. The sextet from *Don Giovanni* ("Sola, Sola," somewhat indifferently given, concluded the first part of the concert, the second part of which began with a remarkably fine and spirited performance of the magnificent symphony in C major with the fugue *finale*, which Mozart's enthusiastic admirers, long after Mozart had ceased to exist, nicknamed *Jupiter*—a title by which it is now universally known. Even more gratifying than the execution, under Dr. Wesley's direction, of this great work, was the marked attention with which it was listened to from one end to the other by the unusually crowded audience, and the hearty and genuine applause bestowed upon movement after movement. Thus Mozart had the giant's share of the programme; but no one would have complained had the whole been allotted to him. The rest of the second part consisted of a variety of well-known pieces, the most important of which were Beethoven's "Adelaide," sung by Mr. Vernon Rigby, and accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Done (of Worcester Cathedral); and Mendelssohn's well-known *Rondo Brillante* in E flat, for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments, a piece introduced by Mendelssohn himself during one of his earliest visits to England, and which he used to execute with such irresistible vivacity and spirit. The pianist on this occasion was Miss Agnes Zimmerman, who played her very best, and was called back to the platform and loudly applauded. The concert ended with the National Anthem. One thing must be said in favour of the evening concert—viz., that the programmes, compared with those of former years, were judiciously brief, quite long enough, no doubt, but not so long as to induce absolute uneasiness and *ennui*. For this we have to thank Dr. Wesley.

The full-dress ball at the Shire Hall was a decided success. It was fully and fashionably attended, though some of the chief "Lady Patronesses" merely lent their names to the ceremony. There was a very efficient band, under the direction of that experienced conductor, Mr. E. Stanton Jones, whose selection of music was well varied and effective.

In the way of statistics there is at present nothing to add to that which was printed in *The Times* of Saturday. The following summary, however, which we borrow from this day's *Gloucester Chronicle*, of the various attendances at the morning and evening performances, and the various collections for the charity respectively at the Gloucester Festivals of 1865, 1868, and 1871, may be acceptable to those among our readers who take an interest in the matter:—

ATTENDANCE AT THE ORATORIOS.

	1865.	1868.	1871.
Tuesday	1,000	800	600
Tuesday evening	—	—	900
Wednesday	1,700	2,000	1,800
Thursday	2,060	1,900	1,400
Friday	2,960	3,000	2,400

ATTENDANCE AT THE CONCERTS.

	1865.	1868.	1871.
Wednesday	630	400	550
Thursday	600	600	539

COLLECTIONS.

	1865.	1868.	1871.
Tuesday	£198 19 6½	£167 10 0	£117 12 4
Wednesday	128 16 9	155 16 5	92 5 7
Thursday	147 18 0	88 5 6	206 1 10
Friday	340 11 4	335 0 0	186 17 7
Total	£816 5 7½	£746 11 11	£602 17 4

By this it will be seen that up to the present moment the charity is less indebted to the Festival of 1871 than to the immediately preceding meetings. However, a considerable amount is yet due from the 105 stewards, and other spontaneous donations invariably follow; so we may hope that something not far short of £1,000 will eventually be realized.

MR. SANTLEY'S FAREWELL CONCERT.

It is late in the day to cry for protection to native interests, but the question just now arises whether, on some plea less obsolete, a stop cannot be put to the exportation of native artists. We have only a little of the commodity for our own use, and a desire to keep what we possess is both natural and right. But of late years English singers and players have shown an increasing disposition to extend their "circuit" beyond the ocean, and take in the Great Republic of the West. Why they do so is obvious enough. There may be little fame to gain by visiting a country as young in art as it is in years; but fame is not the only good, and of other good, America offers a rich harvest. So the Cunard and Inman "liners" carry away, from time to time, those we can ill-afford to lose. Just now the American fever is raging with unwonted fierceness. On all hands talk is heard of negotiations in progress, or absolutely settled, between Transatlantic speculators and English artists—negotiations which threaten to denude England altogether of those who represent her executive musical talent. Amid many rumours one fact is prominent—Mr. Santley leaves us for a while; and on Tuesday night he bade farewell to a crowd whose admiration of him seemed as fervid as the temperature of St. James's Hall itself. We can ill spare Mr. Santley; but, as we cannot keep him at home, there is some satisfaction in regarding him as a champion going forth to vindicate the musical honour of his native country. No champion could be more worthy to do this than the great baritone who, in opera, in oratorio, or in the humbler character of a ballad singer, is *facile princeps*; who, conquering prejudice, won for himself a foremost place on the Italian stage, and kept it against all comers; and whose name alone has sustained a theatre devoted to such an unfashionable thing as opera in English. Surely every musical Englishman will "make a virtue of necessity," and depute Mr. Santley to show our cousins that the "unmusical" old country boasts in him one of the world's finest singers.

But Mr. Santley does not go alone, and last night five other English artists of repute joined him in saying "Good-bye." To our losses for the winter must be added the loss of Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper—artists whose departure will be sensibly felt in every concert-room. Even those, however, who deeply regret that America entices them away, and resolutely decline to see any need of their going, will wish success to the venture, while proud that England can make so good a show of genuine ability.

Monday night's concert was of the character familiar to St. James's Hall under the name of ballad concerts; but, though it brought forward nothing new, a certain propriety attached to it as representing the form of entertainment to be largely given in America. Moreover, it most easily attracted a September audience, and most effectively roused enthusiasm. Mr. Santley's reception was of such a nature as those who accurately gauge his popularity can imagine. Indeed, some considerable time elapsed before he was allowed to proceed with Molloy's "Vagabond"—the first of three songs which Wallace's "Bell-ringer" and Poniatowski's "Yeoman's Wedding" completed. It cannot be necessary to tell how these familiar compositions were given, or how they were received. Enough that no singer ever more completely justified a high position, and no audience ever more thoroughly showed an appreciation of distinguished merit. Similar remarks apply, in degree, to the artists who will accompany Mr. Santley. Miss Wynne sang "Bid me discourse," Madame Patey "Auld Robin Gray," Mr. Cummings "The Thorn," and Mr. Patey "The Friar of Orders Grey"—we mention these only as examples—after a fashion which left no doubt of the success in store for them across the Atlantic. Mr. Sloper, who took part with Mr. G. A. Osborne in a duet, by the latter gentleman, on themes from *Don Giovanni*, and played his own charming fantasia on English airs, fully deserved and obtained a large share of applause. This esteemed professor's accurate manipulation and refined taste will, no doubt, be equally appreciated by the next audience to whom he appeals. The departing artists were ably supported by Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Enriquez, Mlle. Rentini, and Mr. Nordblom; the accompanists being Messrs. Hatton, Naylor, Zerbini, and Frank Mori.

BRUSSELS.—The Théâtre de la Monnaie opened for the season with *Les Huguenots*. M. Warot and Mlle. Sternberg sustained the two principal parts.

VIENNA.—The Abbate Franz Liszt has completed his grand oratorio, *Christus*. It will be first produced here. It consists of three parts, and fourteen separate "character-pictures," namely:—1. The Introduction; 2. Pastoral and Annunciation of the Angels; 3. Stabat Mater speciosa; 4. Shepherd's Song in the Manger; 5. The three holy Kings; 6. Beatifications; 7. Pater noster; 8. The Foundation of the Church; 9. The Storm at Sea; 10. The Entry into Jerusalem; 11. Tristis est Anima mea; 12. Stabat Mater dolorosa; and 13. Christ has risen from the Dead.

THE TROUBADOUR:

AN ORIGINAL PASTORAL,

BY AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.

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MARGATE.

THREE DAYS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE ELAPSED SINCE ACT I.

Lament.

The pining heart that starves and frets
For lack of those most sweet supports,
The tender hopes that love begets,
The feast of smiles and pretty thoughts,
Is so depressed,
It knows no rest.

It is of all things most unblest'd!
(*madly*) O! that the night would come again!
That I might sleep my cares away,
And ease me of the cruel pain,
That makes the torture of the day.
Go, dreadful light!

Return sweet night!
And bless me with thy black respite!
(*passionate appeal*) Where art thou! where art thou!
Thou dear, and much loved man!
To part now, to part now,
Is more than mortal can!

(*Goes to the window and opens it, to cool her heated brow. Suddenly, addressing her cry to heaven, she exclaims*)

Albert! Albert! this suspense is killing your Clarissa! Why am I thus deserted? Albert! list to my voice! Have mercy on my grief, and cheer me with your presence!

Invocation.

(with self abandon and extreme pathos)

'Tis I who implore thee! fly to my side!
'Tis I who intreat thee! this is my voice!
She whom you courted, and sought for a bride,
The girl of your earliest fancy and choice.

She stretches out her arms towards some invisible object. At that moment bursts forth the noise of a nigger band, beginning their entertainment. On hearing the clatter of bones; the "yah! yah! yah!" and negro exclamations; the rattle of the tambourine and the outburst of fiddles; Clarissa, deeply moved, shrinks back horrified. Then she, hastily, closes the window. The sounds cease. In an agony of emotion, she staggers to a chair.

Dirge.

(with resignation)

Gray morn comes creeping, cold dawn creeping,
To wake us from our dreams;
Blue daylight peeping, through mists peeping,
The bold sun slants its beams.
O! sleep again!
Forget life's pain!
Call back the night!
The cruel light
With sorrow teems!

(*She is about to yield herself up to despair, when the sound of a guitar being tuned beneath the window attracts her attention.*)

Clarissa. Ah! do I dream! or has my prayer been heard!

RONDO.

Herr v. S. (*outside*).

Who can rezie de adrenth of lofe?
Nor raching lion nor drembling dofe,
Nor zoldier drained to baddle's doils
Nor zdudent used to mitnight oils—
All to Gupid bend de knee,
And galmly vait deir desdeny.

Clarissa (*aside*). That tenor voice! That English so charmingly broken. It is he!

TRIO.

Herr v. S. (*outside*).

Oh! lisd undo de mindrell's foico,
With cheering zmile his labours greet.
Oh! bid his zinking zoul rejoice,
And kindly make his font heart beat.
Oh, yes! pray make his font heart beat.

* Act II. Continued from page 570.

Clarissa (*near window*).

Surely I recognise that voice—
That lovely song so wondrous sweet,
That bids my sinking soul rejoice,
And kindly makes my fond heart beat!
Oh, yes! it makes my fond heart beat!
[*Enter W. Eagles, Esq., savagely.*]

W. Eagles, Esq. Confound that fellow's broken voice,
Disturbing all this quiet street!
Whene'er I hear those singing boys,
Their lazy backs I long to beat,
Oh, yes! their backs I long to beat.

(*Speaking*)—Clarissa! bid him depart! To give money to the idle is to insult the industrious. He has no penny of mine!

Clarissa (*looking forth*). He seems, by his bearing and clothes, to be a reduced gentleman. To refuse assistance to one in distress is to be ungrateful for the plenty we enjoy.

W. Eagles, Esq. Charity, my sweet one, should not be too easy, or it resembles extravagance.

Clarissa. True, my father! but to be too cautious in our aid is to rob generosity of its noblest attribute. (*Wraps money in paper, and throws it from the window. Aside*). Heavens! it is my Albert! How can I inform him of my presence? Ah! my song! Cease, fluttering heart!

Ballad.

Clarissa (*gaily*).

A sailor set sail on a boist'rous sea,
With his ninny oh! ninny oh!
A maiden was walking on moonlit lea,
With her ninny oh! ninny oh!
Oh, tell if my true love is thinking of me
On a brisk December night.

(sadly.)

The sailor was wrecked one mile from land,
With his ninny oh! ninny oh!
The maiden sat weeping on the wet sand,
With her ninny oh! ninny oh!
A knife was raised by a lily-white hand
On a brisk December night.

(Looks through window, and gives vent to her pent-up feelings.)

W. Eagles, Esq. That was your mother's favourite song. Child, you have moved your father!

Clarissa (*aside*). Heavens! What do I see! Albert comes this way! I am lost!

Enter Herr v. S. (*He is attired in a roomy cloak, and carrying his guitar*).

Herr v. S. Glareeza! vor de vntur noding shall pard us.

(Clasps her in his arms.)

Clarissa (*firmly*). Albert, I will never wed but with my father's consent and blessing.

W. Eagles, Esq. (*jumping up*). A stranger in close conversation with my only child and heiress! This is, to say the least of it, unexpected.

Trio.

W. Eagles, Esq. (*angrily*).

Sir, I must beg you quit this room,
How dare you tread this floor?
It will be your sorry doom
To be kicked through the door—
Yes, kicked till you are sore!

Herr v. S. (*savagely*).

Gots! iv he drusts me vrom dis room,
He velters in his gore;
It ne'er shall be my zorry doom
To be kicked drough a door—
Yesh! kicked till I am zore!

Clarissa (*entreatingly*).

Oh! thrust him not from out this room,
Your daughter does implore!
It has been your sweet child's doom
To love this Troubadour—
Yes! love for evermore!

W. Eagles, Esq. (*with rage*). Thus to be bearded in my own furnished apartments!

Clarissa. Father! father! You yourself once loved.

Herr v. S. Ser! I am a chentlemans of birth vrom a voreign lant.

W. Eagles, Esq. My child! you have broken a father's heart.

Clarissa. My sainted mother looks down on me in pity.

Herr V. S. My fortune, though small, shall be honestly gained!
W. Eagles, Esq. My only child! whose future I had ambitiously pictured among the great and wealthy.

Clarissa. Love's magic can change the cot into the mansion. Think of my mother!

Herr V. S. Sink of her moder!

W. Eagles, Esq. (relenting). Child, you have touched me to the quick! Your mother was an angel! Take her, Sir—take her! and learn that a good wife, though penniless, is the greatest treasure man can possess!

Herr V. S. I do not seek vor wealth. Ve vill all lif togeder, and ve shall share our vants vit you.

W. Eagles, Esq. Sir, my daughter, though portionless, is worth her weight in gold.

Herr V. S. Your shild shall lif vit you, and I shall lif vit your shild.
(embraces her).

FINALE.

What joy! Great joy!

No alloy

To destroy

Our joy—great joy!

We'll know

No sorrow

To o'erthrow

Our joy—great joy!

(Curtain falls).

CIRCULAR LETTER.

To the Editor of the London "Musical World," and our Editorial Friends
(by exchange and respect) in France, Germany, and Italy.

Greeting you fraternally, and wishing you prosperity and peace, we ask the friendly privilege of introducing to your warmest consideration a Musical Missionary, P. S. Gilmore, who has done great missionary work for the cause, and who visits Europe now with a view to form international combinations to perfect a musical enterprise, so vast in its proportions as to dwarf all previous efforts, wherever they have been made, as we shall see presently.

Mr. Gilmore was a visionary in 1868, when he proposed a Peace Jubilee to commemorate God's mercy in bringing together once more in harmony the opposing sections of America. When he talked of a thousand instrumentalists, ten thousand singers, and a building five hundred feet long and three hundred and fifty feet wide, he was pooh-poohed out of New York, and derided as a mild lunatic in Boston.

Gilmore is a man of faith, however; and by faith it is said we can move mountains. But Gilmore's faith was not of that kind which is content to trust and wait. His faith was in earnestness of purpose to work out that in which he believed profoundly. So, after months of unrewarded labour, and mortifications which made his heart faint and bleed, some sane people of Boston digested the idea, and backed their digestion by raising a guarantee fund of some thirty thousand pounds sterling. The Festival was held; more than a thousand instrumentalists were present, and over thirteen thousand singers took part in the great oratorios. The result was a complete success, artistically and financially.

Gilmore proved by this great Festival that vast masses of voices could be handled with precision and wonderful effect, not merely in slow chorales, but in the grandest and the most delicate choruses of Handel and Mendelssohn. Culling from several days' performance, we will mention three selections which created the profoundest sensation among the tens of thousands of people present. These were, first, Mendelssohn's chorus, "He watching over Israel;" second, the simple melody "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls;" and the "Inflammatus," Rossini. The solo part sung by twenty of the loveliest New England choir voices, and they are pure and lovely; the chorus portion sustained by thirteen thousand voices, supported by several hundred instruments, all bound together by one of the most powerful choral organs in the world. The crescendo to forte of such a body was overwhelmingly grand, but its mighty pianissimos were more wonderful still.

The excellence of this vast chorus is thus accounted for. As soon as the Festival became a fixed fact, choral societies sprung up in all the cities, towns, and villages of New England, composed of the best choir singers in the places. Paris were furnished them, and they studied all the music of the Festival for six months before it took place, so that it was no raw chorus hastily gathered together, that took part in the great Musical Jubilee.

The magnitude of the great International Festival to take place during the month of June, 1872, in Boston, will be best explained by Mr. Gilmore's Prospectus, (which will be found in *The Musical World* of last week). It is a grand thought, and will be carried out grandly. An enormous guarantee fund has already been subscribed, and thousands

of singers are rehearsing the choruses to be sung. Of our home material, choral and instrumental, we feel sure; but certain International points,—the cardinal points, indeed, of the design, and calculated to give piquant brilliance and universal interest to the undertaking,—depend solely upon the generous sympathy extended towards Mr. Gilmore by the press and the governments of the nationalities to whom he proposes to address himself.

His credentials are the success of his great Peace Jubilee and Musical Festival of 1869; the financial confidence of the solid men of the good city of Boston; and the full faith, respect, and esteem of every citizen of that city, and of all New England. No man could go abroad on a peace mission more strongly and lovingly sustained.

President Grant approves his design, and in an official letter commends Mr. Gilmore to the care and attention of American representatives abroad, while all the foreign representatives at Washington have urged their governments to assist Mr. Gilmore in his views. Thus triply armed, he should command the ear of the world.

One further argument in his favour remains to be urged, namely, the cause of Art. Such gatherings as he advocates not only solve many musical problems, but they awaken whole peoples to the thought of Music; lift up the souls of the many to a sense of its beauty and grandeur, and plant a love for it that, like a running vine, spreads over all the land, and flowers into choral societies. Such, prosaically, is the literal result of Mr. Gilmore's great Jubilee of 1869.

To our friends of the press, therefore, we say, hear him for his cause; extend to him the right hand of fellowship, and urge his views with generous earnestness; and verily ye shall have your reward in the success of a grand International Festival, which your hands will have aided to build up.

Fraternally and faithfully yours (in the singular person),

HENRY C. WATSON.

Art Journal Office, New York, August 19, 1871.

GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

The Gloucester Journal summarises its opinion of Mr. Cusins's new work as follows:—

"Altogether, we think Gideon will live, and take a good place among our oratorios. Though some passages in it occasionally reminded us of other compositions, there is a large element of originality pervading it, and we join our congratulations with those we have heard on all hands to Mr. Cusins on the unequivocal success of this the first performance of his great work."

Thus speaks the Gloucester Mercury:—

"The oratorio by Mr. W. G. Cusins, who himself held the conductor's stick, and who can hardly fail to have been satisfied with the execution of his new work, was in all respects admirable. The words have been selected from Scripture by the Rev. F. T. Cusins, M.A., a brother of the composer, and are admirably adapted for musical illustration, whilst the music is not only well suited to the subject, but stamps the composer as one of the most accomplished musicians of the day. There are but few attempts at contrapuntal writing in the work, but the orchestral effects are numerous and satisfactory, showing the hand of the master and practised writer. There are several airs which are likely to be heard apart from the rest of the work."

The Gloucestershire News, on the same subject, is, to say the least curious:—

"The second part of the programme at the Cathedral consisted of Mr. Cusins' *Gideon*, never before performed, and selections from Spohr's *Calvary*. The most astonishing orchestral effects were produced in *Gideon*; effects that must stand unrivalled in the composer's all conquering art. In the passage intended to represent the devouring flames which rise from the rock and consume Gideon's offering, an indescribable feeling of awe stole over every mind. It would be hard to describe the peculiar combination of plashing water and rolling thunder which the band here imitated to perfection. The battle chorus, too, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," was wonderfully imposing and grand. The duet, "Peace be unto thee," sung by Tietjens and Lewis Thomas, was as tender and beautiful as the choruses just named were wildly grand in the conceptions of power and energy. In the recitative, "Thus saith the Lord," Mr. Brandon falsified the proverbial phrase, a prophet has no honour in his own country. The choruses, "Lord, thine arm, and not our own," and "O God, wonderful art Thou," were loud but smoothly given, and full of harmony, the close of each being exceptionally fine. The great merit of the composition seems, however, to lie in the astonishing variety of effect produced by the instrumentality rather than in the solos or choruses."

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

ABOUT THE LATE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* speaks in the subjoined flattering terms about the performances of the orchestra at this memorable celebration:—

"Last night's performance of the mass displayed the good qualities of orchestra, chorus, and solo singers, in the execution of the most difficult and trying music ever written for instruments and voices. The band is well proportioned and balanced in numbers and effect. The tone, of both wind and string, is resonant, without ever being harsh; ample support to the harmonic combinations being afforded by the twelve double basses, all instruments with four strings, according to the German custom, whereby a deeper range of compass is obtained than in English orchestras. The careful and elaborate rehearsals that have been held, some directed by Dr. Hiller, and others by Herr Wasieleski, have resulted in an excellent realisation of the most delicate gradations of sound, from the extremest *pianissimo* to the grandest *fortissimo*, while the rich and elaborate details of the instrumentation, so often obscured, were brought out with due prominence. Similarity of bowing, too, gave to the violin passages a unity of effect that is rarely obtained from many executants.

"The execution of the symphony in C minor (which, like the Mass, was conducted by Dr. Hiller), was admirable in every respect. Delicacy without affectation, power without effort, alternate subordination and prominence in the different divisions of the orchestra, according to the temporary comparative importance of each, and a clear and distinct enunciation of even the smallest details—such were the technical merits of the performance; in addition to which must be recognised a certain traditional spirit and sentiment which rendered it agreeably evident that one was listening to grand German music worthily performed by Germans in their native land. In his direction of the mass and the symphony, Dr. Hiller took the tempo of most of the movements somewhat slower than is usually the case in English performances, to the great advantage of the effect. The English tendency to haste in all the transactions of life has had its effect even on musical performances; and it is a common thing in London concerts to hear an *adagio* turned into an *andante*, and an *allegro* into a *presto*, with other such changes as are attended with disadvantage to the effect. Here, fortunately, this kind of fever does not prevail, and its absence is a welcome feature, in other respects besides that now specially referred to."

To the merits of the chorus, the same writer separately refers as follows:—

"The chorus, consisting of amateurs who give their services from enthusiasm in the cause which brings them together, is characterised by a purity and sympathetic quality of tone, and a general refinement, such as were long exclusively associated with German choral-singing."

Herr Ritter von Kingston, representative of the *Daily Telegraph* at the Bonn *fêtes*, gives the following animated description of the trip up the Rhine as far as Rolandseck:—

"A rendezvous had been assigned as yesterday afternoon on board the *Humboldt*, at the Rhein Thor; and by three we were all seated at table in the huge after-cabin of that vessel, partaking of a vaudeville banquet offered by the committee to its international guests. The goal of our expedition was Rolandseck, where we were to go ashore and take coffee. Long ere our feast had come to a conclusion we arrived at our 'port of destination,' and 'lay off' until such time as all the speeches should have been made and all the toasts duly honoured. Of the latter there were five officially set down in the menu, one after fish; two between roast beef and *salmi* of ducks; and two more with the ice pudding and cakes. The worthy *Bürgermeister* proposed the 'toast of the evening'—the '*Memory of Beethoven*,' of course,—with very solemn and appropriate allusion to the great struggle which interfered last year with the celebration of his centenary; winding up with the challenge, '*To the greatest son of the Rhineland. Hoch! hoch! hoch!*' Professor Heimstreich, of Bonn University, next proposed the health of 'The strangers from far and near,' drunk with effusion, and met with a brilliant response, in English, by common request from Mr. Grünsen. Next came the venerated name of Hiller—when we all went mad for a space, and were recalled to reason by a right humorous discourse, delivered in good old German form by the subject of our ovation. The two last toasts were the '*Soloists*,' and the '*Chorus and Orchestra*,' after drinking which, with all the honours and a few to spare, we betook ourselves to a garden, terraced out of the hill-side, where two bands, string and brass, were arrayed to play to us while we consumed the postprandial '*Jausen*' so dear to the Southern Germans.

"Presently we were collected together, marshalled on board by Messrs. Delimon and Clary; and, whenever we were fairly started down steam, a series of tableaux began which our poet—we had a poet, I can tell you, carrying no end of metrical guns—christened '*Fairyland*,' in several chapters. Villa after villa on either bank glorified itself with a garment of red, green or blue light, throwing luminous stains far across the broad dark bosom of the river; flights of rockets pierced the black sky, and spangled it with a thousand many-coloured fire-jewels; 'cannon to right of us, cannon to left of us, volleyed and thundered;' each fresh demonstration was answered from our

boat by a '*Tirsch*,' or flourish of trumpets; and, when we at length slackened speed opposite the Rhein Thor, we found the whole of Bonn ablaze with light, fountains of fire playing on the quay, and the population *en masse* thronging the landing-place and greeting us with a loud welcome. As soon as we had left the boat we were formed into procession, headed by a brass band playing the '*Wacht am Rhein*,' and marched off to the Beethoven Platz, the trees surrounding which we found covered with translucent fruit of prismatic hues—prosaically, Chinese lanterns by thousands. Arrived in front of the grim statue, whose toga and trousers were brilliantly illuminated, whilst the head was lost in the darkness of night, we took up ground in hollow square, and Mr. Grünsen led off the last act of the drama by giving *Three cheers for Beethoven*. Then Herr Kauffman—the *Bürgermeister*—said a few words *In Ludovicum*, as Horace would have headed the ode he would certainly have composed on the spot, had he been there; and then we marched off to the club, singing *In Alsace, over the Rhine, there lives a brother of mine*. The rest is silence!"

SCIENCE OR ART?

(To the Editor of the "*Musical World*.")

SIR,—In your correspondent's reply from "Fungus Marsh," to which I was unable to respond last week, as I was away from home, he appears to raise the question, Is music a science or an art? Now, the object of science, I imagine, is to demonstrate some important truth, and prove its existence by the briefest and most intelligible means; thus, the end is the only thing aimed at—arrive at it as best you may; whereas art, which proves nothing, has for its object the elevation of our thoughts to heavenly matters, which is done by what we term the "means." Now, under which of these heads lies music? Certainly you must say the latter. If so, the "means" must essentially possess beauty; that inner ideal kind of beauty to which we alluded before, and which can only be appreciated by those who possess a poetical imagination, an expression which your correspondent so sneers at. Under such conditions alone, in my idea, can music fulfil its proper office. Of course all art comes under certain rules which are hard to acquire, but indispensable to those who are to produce any results, and of great use in furthering the enjoyment of amateurs; but to say those who do not possess these advantages merely "tolerate" it, is, in my opinion, to bring down art to the level of an exotic for the few, when, like Christianity, it ought to be the greatest boast that it opens its gates to "all believers." Music, the most divine, is proportionately the most fettered by these rules; yet, at the same time, who can deny that anyone, who has not gone through a severe musical education, enjoys its charms? Perhaps with some of Bach's unfeeling fugues this may not be the case; but who, pray, does ever feel elevated by such compositions, or thankful that God implanted the "divine art" in man? But these form but a small part of the world's music; nor should it be forgotten that Bach wrote his *Passion Music*, which, above all human conceptions, is the most devotional.

However, all this is from the original question, whether the intellect is addressed in opera or not. If your correspondent takes Gounod's *Faust* as his ideal opera, I haven't a word to say, for, in my opinion, it is the grandest modern poem mutilated and set to flippant (albeit pretty) music, utterly unworthy of the subject. What an opera would it have been if, with the original text, it had been set to music by Beethoven! When the happy day arrives when an opera is a friendly combat between the two kindred spirits, poet and musician, perhaps your correspondent may "remove the bandage from his eyes," as he expresses it, and behold opera in its true light.

With regard to "abstract music," as Mr. Musty is pleased to express it, which, in my idea, would be a mere pleasant noise in accordance with a certain grammatical strictness and entirely bereft of spirituality, and would resemble a lovely woman, without soul, of which external beauty is only the type, I will close my letter, which already has encroached too far on your kindness. This scientific mass of sound would be like an immense poem without a moral or plot—in fact, one of Bach's fugues, in which your correspondent so exults—a useless monstrosity. To consider *Fidelio* from this point of view is an injustice to the mighty genius who composed it, and from which no one would revolt more acutely than himself were he alive. Is the "Choral Symphony," pray, abstract music, or is it not rather one intense longing for liberty and happiness after a life spent amidst the greatest troubles? I must close now, in haste, for I feel that already I have brought down volumes of contemptuous ire from Fungus Marsh. So, with a hurried apology, I am, ever yours, JUSTITIA.

Sept. 6.

MILAN.—The Scala opened for the season, on the 2nd inst., with *Guarany*, by Signor Gomez. The opera was successful, though the unexpected appearance of a white cat during the duet between the soprano and tenor, in the third act, was a somewhat dangerous incident.

THEATRICAL PROSPECTS.

The time is early for anticipating coming events. At some houses the summer season is not yet out, and at one only can the season be said to have commenced. With the multiplication of the theatres, however, has come a demolition of old landmarks; and if the system of dating the commencement of the season from any one time is still observed, it is because we are all conservative in our instincts, and will go through years and generations doing a thing because we have once done it. So strong is this feeling, that a custom long transmitted acquires something of holiness; and one who rashly innovates runs risk of being charged with irreverence. The month of September is that from which the commencement of the season at the two patent houses was supposed to date, and it remains yet time for houses to recommence and for fresh speculations to begin. Of the principal houses in London two only—the Adelphi and the Princess's, under the same management—have gone through the holiday with no change. Side by side with them stood the Queen's, but at length, like the "Ross" of Browning's famous ballad, it has succumbed, leaving its companion "galloping on." At the Haymarket the suspension has been scarcely worth the name of a break, and at the Gaiety the holiday has been so occupied that the theatre for practical purposes may be regarded as unclosed. With the transfer of Drury Lane to the Italian Opera, our concern with it, so far as the drama is concerned, is over.

To leave the past and come to the future, with which we are more immediately concerned; after hard labour to convince ourselves that there are signs of revival in the theatrical world, we confess that we do not recall a period when the theatrical outlook was more blank than at the present moment. Circumstances may be advanced in explanation and modification, but the fact remains indisputable, that there has never been a September in which the prospect was less cheering. Scarcely a rumour reaches us of any work of high merit or even high aim. Among our many theatres, augmenting each year, not one is likely to be set apart for the glory of our stage. We are no sticklers for legitimacy. Our views by this time are tolerably familiar to our readers. While maintaining, then, that in the drama of past days the highest glory of our country can be found, and while regarding as hopeless any generation content to leave our dramatic masterpieces unrepresented, we are not content to live wholly upon our capital. Every age must of necessity produce the greater part of that which is needed for its wants, and the stored-up treasures of our literature should be used discreetly. At present, however, they are not used at all. Not one theatre has announced a piece belonging to past literature. For many years Drury Lane has commenced with a season of classical performance which has lasted till Christmas brought the pantomime—the big brother on whose earnings the rest of the dramatic family had to rely. This year, apparently, a more remunerative vein has been struck, and we hear no word about Shaksperian revival or classic performances. We are careful to impute no blame to the management. In Mr. Halliday's adaptations of popular novels it has found a mine of wealth, and it seems probable that not Drury Lane only, but three of our leading theatres, under the management of Messrs. Webster and Chatterton, will, for some time to come, be occupied with the species of drama in favour of which public opinion has so loudly pronounced. For Drury Lane we know of a version of *Ivanhoe*, by Mr. Halliday, and it was at one time announced that Mr. Phelps would play Isaac. It is difficult to see, failing Mr. Phelps, what actor can personate so important a character upon so large a stage. It is at least certain that the part of Rebecca will be sustained by Miss Neilson, the adaptor having, according to public report, strengthened the character so as to render it worthy her acceptance. That *Rebecca*, as we are told the drama will be named, will be as successful as its predecessor, and hold possession of the theatre up to Christmas, there is little room to doubt. Meanwhile it blocks the only prospect there seems to be of any performance of the plays of Shakespeare.

That a movement for the foundation of a national theatre, in which Shaksperian comedy will be given is progressing and attracting considerable notice, is, of course, known. Whatever success may attend the labours of those gentlemen who are promoting it, their operations can scarcely commence for months, if not years, and their exertions, accordingly, influence our "prospect" no further than in showing that the taste for an elevating drama has not died out. The modest audiences attracted to the late Mr. Montgomery's performances speak in favour of a contrary conclusion. No experiment, however, could have been more ill-advised than that which Mr. Montgomery attempted. To open a theatre for classical performances at a time when all the world has gone to moorland, loch, fiord, or glacier; and when the critics who remain in town are overworked and dispirited at finding themselves deprived of a holiday, argues a sanguine disposition on the part of the experimentalist. When, however, a scratch company is engaged, and all the principal parts are played by one man, the circumstances are such that success would be a miracle. We maintain, then,

that the public taste for legitimacy is dormant, and may at any time be revived. Perhaps the best chance of a good old comedy comes from the Haymarket. Mr. Sothorn starts shortly for America, and Mr. Buckstone will only be faithful to precedent should he take advantage of the absence of his colleague to produce some half-forgotten play, and act it with the only comedy company left in London. This, however, is problematical, no word having been uttered as to arrangements in store when the actor who has so long been the mainstay of the company has gone. The most satisfactory outlook is at the Queen's, where a new drama, by Mr. Wills, whose *Man o' Airlie* never received the recognition it merited, is to be played by Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin. Upon the merits of the piece we shall soon be in a position to speak. The same may be said about the new comedy from George Sand, at the Lyceum. This will be acted by a company of unusual strength, so far as the male portion is concerned. What the female talent may be depends upon Miss Isabel Bateman, who is new to London. Her training has been of the kind out of which actresses spring, and we should not be surprised to hear of a genuine success. In cases of this kind, however, speculation is wasted. Until Dr. Marston's play is produced at the Gaiety, opera bouffe, ballet, spectacle, &c., will be maintained. Whatever the judgment passed upon this class of production, there is no doubt they have not previously been given with more completeness and elegance. Mr. Alfred Thompson is a magician in his way, and those who see the spectacles he arranges, find their hostility to the form of dramatic representation grow lukewarm.

"These are the first in order as in might." What will take place at the minor houses can scarcely be guessed. The outlying theatres may be dismissed at once, since the dramas they produce are susceptible of little variation, and he who has seen half-a-dozen has seen all. A feature, however, at some of the larger of these houses of producing a piece with the same company and scenery with which it has been given at a west-end theatre, is gaining ground. For the Olympic a dramatised version of Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White* is in preparation. Operas will be given up to Christmas at the St. James's Theatre, after which Mrs. Wood returns. The musical company includes Miss Rose Hersee, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. George Perren. Balfe's *Rose of Castile* is to be the first opera. The Globe will open under the management of Mr. H. J. Montague, with a new drama, in which Mr. Compton and Miss Carlotta Addison are to play. Mr. Clarke, at the Strand, will preface the burlesque, the speciality of this theatre, with more genuine fooling than is generally seen. The fate of the Royalty and of Sadlers Wells seems dubious. The Holborn will give opera bouffe under the direction of Mr. Mansel, and a drama by the late Alexandre Dumas—*Edmund Kean*. Endless revivals of Mr. Robertson, of which the first is to be *Caste*, will doubtless prevent any need of novelty at the Prince of Wales's. Mr. Albery will continue to supply comedies to the Vaudeville. The Surrey will re-open, under the management of Mr. R. Shepherd, with an original English drama. Messrs. H. Neville, Holston, Mesdames M. Jones, Shepherd, Julia Daly, and Fanny Huddart, are engaged. We are unable to state anything definite concerning the Court. The Standard, "open all the year round," promises one or two novelties before Christmas. Astley's will once more be devoted to equestrian performances, Messrs. Sanger being lessees. The Pavilion, interiorly rebuilt, opens this month, the Holborn Amphitheatre very shortly with a new company. The Alhambra promises ballets and pantomimes, and the Philharmonic opera bouffe.

What, then, can we say of such an outlook? Simply that though not void of redeeming features, it is on the whole discouraging. Of the playwrights we possess, the best are seldom heard of, and for the coming man who is to redeem our drama we are tired of waiting.

J. K.

MANHEIM.—Jeanne Becker, daughter of Herr Jean Becker, the violinist, has appeared most successfully as a pianist. She is only thirteen.

BONN.—During the rehearsal on the 18th ult., for the Beethoven Centenary Festival, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller received the annexed autograph letter from the Empress of Germany:—"By sending me this third volume of your attractive essays, *Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit*, you have earned my sincere thanks. It is given to but few to serve, like you, the Muses in many different ways. The more satisfactory, therefore, are your presents, which always meet with the heartiest welcome from me.—Augusta. Coblenz, 15th August, 1871."

MR. DION BOUTICAULT, who has just terminated his engagement at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, has added to the long list of original pieces and adaptations associated with his name another production calculated to rank high. *Night and Morning*, a sentimental comedy, the subject of which is adapted from one of Madame de Girardin's works, was played for the first time on Thursday week. The comedy was skilfully played, and received a hearty reception. In one act, and that but of an hour's duration, this racy and clever *morceau* abounds in fine situations and contrasts.

BIRTH.

On Wednesday, September 13th, the wife of W. G. CUSINS, Esq., of a son.

DEATH.

On the 11th September, at 52, Warren Street, Fitzroy Square, London, Mr. GEORGE RUDALL, for many years senior partner of the firm of Rudall, Rose, Carte, & Co., of Charing Cross, within six weeks of completing his 90th year.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1871.

FERGUS FERGUSON'S DELIVERANCE.

FERGUS FERGUSON has delivered his soul. "And who," says the reader, "is Fergus Ferguson?" Let us own that a day or two ago we should have put the same question ourselves, in utter ignorance as to whether the name belonged to one of the Queen's gillies, or to a shepherd on the Grampian hills. But this is only another illustration of the old story, that the world knows nothing of its most remarkable men. Fergus Ferguson is a most remarkable man;—a man we should like to see in the flesh, whether under a pump or not.

Fergus abides at a place in North Britain called Dalkeith, and styles himself "Reverend," from which it may be assumed that he is a "chosen vessel" among one or other of the comfortless Scottish sects. That there are respectable Scottish "vessels" in plenty, who shall doubt?—"vessels" satisfied to discharge their mission in humility and in charity with all mankind. These, however, are weak brethren to the Reverend Fergus. F. F. is the Elijah of Dalkeith. He, at any rate, will not bow the knee to Baal; and, gathering his robe around him—a robe more comfortable than Elijah's, we undertake to say—he lifts up his voice against a wayward and perverse generation given to false gods. Idolatry is the *bête noir* of Fergus, as it was of his famous prototype. The kirk, in point of fact, has rivals. The multitude run after men who are not "Reverend;" and favour entertainments other than those at which "the pulpit-drum ecclesiastic" plays a chief part. How can such a state of things be endured by a "faithful witness" like Fergus? The reverend gentleman, in his character as a leader of the church militant, must fight against it, and fight he does.

We are told that F. F. opened fire a year or two ago upon the memory of Burns—an inviting subject for a Godly Scottish parson; and no doubt the peasant poet's escapades, big and little, were roughly handled. This episode in the clerical warrior's career soon ended; Burns, as far as we can discover, being none the worse for it. Very recently, however, the Rev. Fergus was again constrained to buckle on his armour. His unhappy countrymen took to worshipping Scott. Alas! that they should have done so without reference to Dalkeith, for Elijah has come upon them in wrath. Heavens! what an exposition of righteous anger on one side, and sheepish confusion on the other. "Scott," thunders the Rev. Fergus, "was a snob. His love songs are fit only to be sung by men in a state of maudlin intoxication. His historical fiction is a mere twisting of

God's facts to suit men's fancies. He made £70,000, and built a house—he was of the earth, earthy." Thus does Fergus demolish the idol of his countrymen; who in turn are charged with "gross idolatry," and with assisting at "the apotheosis of snobbery." Bravo! Fergus. Don Quixote tilting at the windmills with his eyes shut, was no more conspicuous illustration of the quality since called by his name. Of course the Scottish idolaters are thoroughly ashamed of themselves; but we have not yet heard of the demolition of Scott's monument.

F. F. is no man of half-measures. Like the late Sir Peter Laurie, he is a God-sent "putter-down;" and could he wield the "besom of destruction"—what a mercy that instrument cannot be got at by Scotch parsons!—a very clean sweep would indeed be made. Fergus would abolish the army, even in the middle of its autumn manoeuvres, turning George, Duke of Cambridge, out of employment, along with innumerable "special correspondents." Further, he would scuttle the navy, though this job Providence and incompetent officers are doing for him. Lastly, Fergus would put down oratorios. "Why," it may be asked, "would Fergus put down oratorios?" Because "Christian people willingly pay their crowns, and submit to be nigh squeezed to death, all to hear some *public blackguard*, or *avowed harlot*, sing the most sacred words for their amusement."

We have hitherto joked with Fergus; but, looking at the words in italics, we shall now, in the name of common decency and of Christian charity, be stern. Suppose we annihilate this man under a storm of negatives. We will not say that the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of Dalkeith, is a truth-teller. We will not say that he is a Christian. We will not say that he is averse to uttering libels. We will not say that he has put himself *hors de loi* as between man and man. We will not say that he ought to be ejected from the pulpit he has disgraced.

Now for some water to wash our hands.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Former experiments in promenade concert giving, have shown that there is always to be found in London a peripatetic audience, ready to listen to a fine band and popular artists. For the reserved seats and boxes there always has been a difficulty in finding occupants, and judging from the nightly appearance of Covent Garden Theatre, we should say M. Rivière has been no more successful than his predecessors. It must, however, be acknowledged that the *entrepreneur* is doing his best to secure a musical as well as numerous audience. The classical nights he has already given, if they have not been more successful than others, deserve to be so.

The present week has been one of the busiest and most successful of the season. Thus Jullien's "British Army" quadrille was revived on Monday with all its familiar sensational effects, and excited no small enthusiasm among the audience. It has since been repeated nightly, forming one of the most attractive items in the programme. Wednesday was a "Classical night," the selections being taken from Weber's works, and including the overtures to *Der Freyschütz* and *Oberon*; the *Concert-stück*, a symphony described as "the only symphony Weber composed" (?) and an air. Mr. Arthur Sullivan conducted, and must be credited with having given a very fair performance, better indeed than, looking at the materials in hand, we had any right to expect. Madame Wolff was the pianist, and essayed to play the *Concert-stück* without book. She came, however, to speedy and conspicuous grief. Ballads predominated in the programme of Thursday, and last night Mozart's Mass (No. 12) was given, with Madame Rudersdorff, Miss D'Alton, Mr. Nordblom and Mr. Whitney as soloists. The propriety of introducing the music of a solemn religious service at concerts of this description may be questioned.

MUNICH.—Within the course of a month, all Herr R. Wagner's operas are to be performed in uninterrupted succession at the Theatre Royal. *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* will close the series, with an almost entirely new cast.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Gloucester, September 9th, 1871.

Although the *Messiah*, with which the Festival virtually concluded yesterday, drew together, as it invariably does, the largest attendance of the week, the numbers fell short something like 600, as compared with 1865 and 1868, when the returns were 2,960 and 3,000 respectively, while Friday's total was but 2,400, the gross totals for the week, as well as the collections (of which I shall speak more in detail hereafter), showing a similar falling off.

In my previous articles the concerts have necessarily been very briefly dismissed, and as both programmes were destitute of special novelty, I do not know that a detailed notice is particularly required, the various items being for the most part, quite familiar to the music-loving public. The selection from Handel's *Acis and Galatea* (like *Esther*, written for the Duke of Chandos, and first performed at Cannons, in 1721) is always sure to please, and with Mdle. Tietjens, Mr. Vernon Rigby and Mr. Lewis Thomas in the principal parts, could hardly fail to prove successful in the highest degree. Perhaps, too, the enjoyment was increased by the contrast of the now cheerful (though formerly dismal) looking, well lighted room, made still more cheerful by Handel's tuneful and inspiring work, with the pitiless pelting of the elements without, which had made the journey to the Shire Hall a serious undertaking even for those who had the good fortune to be provided with vehicles, while those who were doomed to walk must have been literally drenched, so heavy and continuous was the torrent. The best known airs, "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," "As when the dove," and "Heart, the seat of soft delight," by Mdle. Tietjens; "Love in her eyes" and "Love sounds the alarm," by Mr. Vernon Rigby, and, "O ruddier than the cherry," de-laimed with wonderful spirit by Mr. Lewis Thomas, produced their accustomed effect, but the speed at which the conductor took some of the choruses led occasionally to confusion, notably in "Wretched lovers," which was completely ruined—indeed, one might with truth have exclaimed, "It's the pace that kills." To Handel's serenata succeeded a violin solo for M. Sainton, "Fantasie sur Faust" (with full band accompaniment), the executant being also the composer. Whether as an orchestral or as a solo player, M. Sainton is equally at home in all kinds of music, from the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven to the lightest of operas, and that he would render the fullest justice to his own fantasia will be quite understood. On his appearing on the platform, the great French violinist was received with a most hearty and flattering demonstration both from audience and orchestra, which was repeated no less cordially at the termination of his solo. The *finale* to the second Act of Spohr's *Azor and Zemira*, sung by Madame Cora de Wilhorst, Misses Harrison and Martell, Messrs. Rigby and Thomas, brought the first part of the concert to a close. Composed in 1818, when Spohr was director of opera at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and produced with considerable success at the theatre of that city under the title of *Zelmira and Azor*, the opera never seems to have made much mark out of Germany, and the quintet above mentioned did not appear to produce any great impression. The second part of the concert opened with a selection from the little-known *Preciosa*, called in the programme an operetta, but being in reality a drama, by Wolff, to which Weber wrote incidental music, and which was brought out the 16th March, 1821, at Berlin. The excerpts now given included the overture, a song for soprano, "Lo, the star of eve is glancing" (sung by Miss Harrison), and the choruses, "Viva, Lord and donna," "At noon, at noon," "Troop on, troop on," "The stars that above us are shining," a rustic Spanish dance and a gipsy dance, all most thoroughly characteristic, and making one regret that Weber did not expand his music to the dimensions of a complete opera, which might worthily have ranked with *Euryanthe*, *Oberon*, and *Der Freischütz*. Madame de Wilhorst's style is better suited to operatic than to sacred music, and consequently her singing of "Ah, come rapida," from Meyerbeer's *Crociata in Egitto*, was proportionately effective. The same remark applies to Mr. Bentham, who was more at home with Verdi's "Ah! si ben mio," than with

Mendelssohn's "If with all your hearts." Knight's well-worn and somewhat mawkish ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses," was so far redeemed by Madame Patey's singing that the audience insisted upon its repetition (the only encore of the evening fortunately), a demand met by the accomplished contralto substituting Hullah's "Storm." In Rossini's duet, "Parlar spiegar non posso," by Mr. Lloyd and Signor Foli, the light tenor was overweighted by the heavy bass, and Miss Martell sang an ineffective song, "Unspoken love," to a retreating audience, while the last piece in the programme, "The Market Chorus," from Auber's *Masaniello*, was given to almost empty benches.

The first division of the Thursday evening's concert was devoted entirely to Mozart, mainly with selections from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, supplemented by the sextet "Sola, sola," from *Don Giovanni*. The numbers chosen from the first-named opera were the overture, the duet which opens the 1st act for Susanna and Figaro (Miss Harrison and Signor Foli) "Cinque dieci," Cherubini's first air "Non so più," (Madame de Wilhorst); "Non più andrai," (Signor Foli); the cavatina for the countess (Mdle. Tietjens); "Porgi amor," which opens the 2nd act, the love-sick apostrophe of Cherubino "Voi che sapete," (Madame de Wilhorst), the duet "Crudel! perche," for the same lady and Signor Foli; "Dove sono," for Mdle. Tietjens, and the duet "Sull'aria," for the two sopranos. Of these the last named air ("Dove sono") and "Non più andrai," by Signor Foli, appeared most to the taste of the audience, if applause be accepted as a test. In the second part Mozart again occupied the post of honour, the ever-welcome *Jupiter* symphony being the opening piece, and thoroughly well played by the band, who took the matter in their own hands. Of Mr. Vernon Rigby's rendering of "Adelaide" I cannot speak in high terms, as it lacked that exquisite refinement and delicacy of sentiment so essential to the proper effect of this most lovely of musical poems, which requires something more than the mere singing of the notes in time and tune to convey the intention that must have animated the composer when he penned this charming emanation of his genius. Mr. Rigby has done much to advance his reputation during this Festival, and his efforts have been rewarded with just praise; but much more yet remains to be done ere this gentleman can arrive at the pinnacle of fame, and the success Mr. Rigby has met with so far should serve as a stimulus to fresh exertion, and induce that further and deeper study of his art without which even an approach to perfection cannot be attained. With equal truth the same observations will apply to Signor Foli, whose magnificent voice is worthy of much higher cultivation than it has yet received, and who, favourite as he deservedly is, may considerably extend his reputation by diligent application and proper training of the fine organ he is so fortunate as to possess. Why Mdle. Tietjens should select so lamentably poor a song as "Snow flakes" is one of those mysteries I cannot pretend to fathom, as even her great talent and acknowledged position failed to make any impression out of such very weak materials. Miss Agnes Zimmerman gave a spirited reading of Mendelssohn's Rondo brillante in E flat (described wrongly in some of the programmes as Allegro brillante), and well deserved the unanimous and hearty applause and call which greeted the end of this clever young lady's performance. The direction of the orchestra being entrusted to M. Sainton, the accompaniment to the Rondo left nothing to be desired. Madame Patey again had the only encore of the evening, "Sweet and low," by the late Vincent Wallace, earning that honour. The singing lesson duet from Mayer's *Il Fanatic*, was given with appropriate liveliness by Mdle. Tietjens and Signor Foli. Miss Harrison attempted Benedict's song, "Rock me to sleep"; Mr. Lewis Thomas gave an animated version of "Largo al factotum," and unrehearsed effects were produced in the National Anthem, which, as it is supposed to be the best-known piece of music in the English language, is usually the worst display in the whole Festival.

If during the week there has been but too frequent occasion for unfavourable remark on the peculiar, not to say eccentric, method of conducting, on the other hand, it is but a simple act of justice to Dr. Wesley to say that, taken altogether, the selection of music both for mornings and evenings deserves a no less strong measure of praise, being by far the best that has been heard at any

of these Festivals for many years past. The introduction of Bach's *Passions* was a bold step so far as the public is concerned, but one which will commend itself to all musicians, and it is to be hoped that the example now set at Gloucester may be followed at future Festivals of the Choirs, and thus, with *Elijah* and the *Messiah*, three out of the four days will be devoted to three of the greatest masterpieces of sacred music the world has ever known. The evening concerts, too, show a great improvement on the schemes of former years, by substituting complete selections from more or less classical masters, in lieu of the meaningless string of miscellaneous rubbish which used to make these entertainments anything but entertaining to those whose duty in listening to them was as far removed as possible from a pleasure.

Mr. Cusins' work (to which I briefly alluded last week), although called an oratorio, from its scope and dimensions is hardly entitled to that distinction, being rather a sacred cantata, consisting of 20 numbers, which include the incidents of the call of Gideon to the deliverance of his people, the miracles of the flesh and the unleavened cakes, and the fleece, the overthrow of the Midianites, and the re-joining of Israel. The words, compiled with excellent judgment by the Rev. F. G. Cusins, M.A., brother of the composer, are taken exclusively from the scriptures, and the characters represented are an angel, an Israelitish woman, an Israelite, Gideon, and a prophet, respectively entrusted to Mdle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lewis Thomas and Mr. Brandon, an additional soprano (Miss Harrison), and contralto (Miss Martell) taking part as angels in the concerted music. The reputation which Mr. Cusins made some years ago as a skilful pianist, and subsequently increased by his high efficiency as conductor of the Philharmonic Society, will be enhanced by this his first effort in the higher branch of his art, upon which he will doubtless improve in future works when he can more completely establish his own individuality, and shake off reminiscences of other composers (notably Gounod, Costa, and Mendelssohn), which at present appear to have haunted him. Nevertheless, there is much excellence, and more promise in *Gideon*, which never degenerates into dulness, still less offends by pretension, while the instrumentation evidences a hand quite capable of making effective use of the materials at disposal, and the vocal parts (always excepting that of *Gideon*, which appears to have been composed for a baritone, rather than a bass voice, and, consequently, well as it was sung, was too high for Mr. Lewis Thomas) are generally well written throughout. Being given in the cathedral, the usual outward marks of approval (to which, however, real importance cannot be always attached) could not be forthcoming; but by what I have since gathered in the course of conversation with many who were present, *Gideon* has pleased greatly, and Mr. Cusins may, with reason, congratulate himself on the result. Doubtless the work will be heard ere long in London, when further opportunity will be afforded for judging its merits, and entering more fully into details, and I can only now repeat what I said hurriedly last week, that the performance by principals, band, and chorus, under the able direction of the composer, was all that the most exacting could possibly desire, and can only be susceptible of improvement by substituting (as already hinted at) a baritone for a bass in the part which gives name to the work, or by transposing it to a lower key.

In the *Messiah* the whole of the tenor music fell to Mr. Rigby, who infused all the pathos of which he is capable into "Comfort ye," and exerted himself to the full in "Thou shalt dash them." His rendering of the *Passion* still leaves something to be desired. How Mdle. Tietjens declaims the florid "Rejoice greatly," or with what fervour she sings "I know that my Redeemer liveth," need not be told. Suffice it to say that the effect of both was plainly visible in the rapt faces of her hearers. Neither of the other sopranos was particularly fortunate in what was set down to them. Madame de Wihorst, from her thorough self-possession, would appear to have had considerable experience before the public; but judging from the result, it can hardly have been in sacred music, while with Miss Harrison it was a grave mistake, as well as a serious injustice to place a *debutante* in so trying a position, for which she does not at present display the smallest fitness. Madame Patey again delighted all listeners by her devotional reading of "He shall feed his flock" and "He was despised," while Mr. Lewis Thomas in the first, and Signor Foli

in the second part, sang the bass music with all their accustomed ability, the trumpet *obbligato* of Mr. Thomas Harper in "The trumpet shall sound," being as conspicuous as ever for its marvellous display of purity of tone and executive skill. Although, as a whole, the choruses went well, there was at times an unsteadiness which ought not to have been perceptible in a work so thoroughly familiar as the *Messiah* must be to all concerned. The cause, however, was sufficiently patent to those gifted with ordinary powers of observation, and having been already more than once indicated, needs no further allusion here.

Before dismissing the strictly musical portion of the Festival, let me ask one more question with regard to the engagements of (more or less) new beginners. Suppose that sudden illness, hoarseness, or any other cause had temporarily incapacitated Mdle. Tietjens, could either of the other sopranos have taken her place at a moment's notice, or would Miss Martell have been competent to sustain Madame Patey's part in the event of that lady requiring a substitute? Or again, would Mr. Lloyd (clever and promising as he is) or Mr. Bentham have had sufficient weight for first tenor at an emergency? Of the basses I say nothing, as there was strength enough for any contingency in the gentlemen engaged; but with respect to the others I think that my question is less difficult to propound than to answer satisfactorily.

To attend seven performances (all more or less lengthy) within the space of four days is fatigue enough for any ordinary mortal; but when, in addition to this labour, there is the necessity of devoting some further hours of each day to the purpose of recording what has been done, it is hardly surprising that the end of the Festival is welcomed as a grateful relief. Consequently, I did not go to the ball at the Shire Hall, which brought the proceedings to a lively close. I learn, however, that dancing was kept up with great spirit (pardon the hackneyed expression, but will some one find a new and effective substitute) until an early hour this morning, to the cheerful strains of an efficient band, under the experienced direction of Mr. Stanton Jones, the supper being supplied, as usual, by Mr. Fortt, of Westgate Street.

The absence throughout the week of the great cathedral dignitaries (notably, the Bishop and the Dean) appears to be now taken as a matter of course, and would seem to indicate rather disapproval than support of the Festivals. Nevertheless, there have been rumours of certain hospitalities at the Palace, while the Deanery, being lent for the week to Mr. Potter, has been thronged with visitors at luncheon time, and Canon Harvey has also dispensed his invitations and the good things of this life with liberal hand.

In the hope of being able to report a satisfactory grand total of the collections, I have kept this open till the last, but find that, after all, only £602 was forthcoming up to yesterday, and of this sum the stewards furnished £150. There will be about £400 more to come from the same source, so that, altogether, the charity will benefit to the extent of something like £1,000—the poorest amount at Gloucester for nine years, as will be seen by the subjoined:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
1851 ... Worcester.....	1010	3	7	1861 ... Hereford	915	10	4
1852 ... Hereford	900	0	0	1862 ... Gloucester ...	949	15	10
1853 ... Gloucester ...	805	15	0	1863 ... Worcester ...	1064	11	8
1854 ... Worcester.....	1024	0	0	1864 ... Hereford	950	2	7
1855 ... Hereford	914	0	1	1865 ... Gloucester ...	1285	0	0
1856 ... Gloucester ...	867	0	7	1866 ... Worcester ...	1235	0	0
1857 ... Worcester.....	1025	0	0	1867 ... Hereford	1400	7	0
1858 ... Hereford	1064	3	4	1868 ... Gloucester ...	1326	5	0
1859 ... Gloucester ...	1034	5	8	1869 ... Worcester ...	1100	0	0
1860 ... Worcester.....	1314	8	7	1870 ... Hereford	1200	0	0

There being a minimum contribution of £5 from each of the stewards, many of whom give much more than that amount, it follows that the falling off must be on the part of the public, a result not altogether unexpected, and quite justifying the remark I took occasion to make at the beginning of the week, when finding fault with the narrow-minded policy which has animated the ruling spirits of the Festival. Experience is said to make certain people wise; and it is to be hoped that should a meeting of the choirs take place at Gloucester in 1874, sounder views and more enlightened knowledge may prevail, and show a result more worthy the "fayre city," which, to the staid dignity of an old cathedral town, also adds the not inconsiderable profit derived from its docks and extensive shipping trade with all parts of the world, making it the

residence of solid and substantial merchants as well as of grave and reverend divines.

Before concluding, I cannot resist giving the somewhat curious defence of the conductor which I extract from a local print, the remarks being in reference to the performance of *Israel in Egypt*. "The choruses were by no means what they should have been. The same unsteadiness which marred the morning performance was again visible. The magnificent chorus, 'He spoke the word,' suffered greatly by the inattention of the tenors and basses, who failed to commence with the orchestra. Throughout there was a great absence of attention to the piano and forte passages, notably in 'But as for His people,' the soft parts of which were very coarsely sung. The worst fault, however, was reserved for 'Egypt was glad,' which concluded with a terrible jumble of parts. Of course, there must be a scapegoat. Who so eligible as the conductor? Dr. Wesley differs from Costa in his conception of the times of *Israel*. Costa, being a 'Sir,' must be right; therefore, the plain 'Dr.' must be wrong. Quite logical, no doubt; but the premises are not infallible; and we know not why Dr. Wesley's opinion should be so contemptuously disregarded."

The writer seems to think that the conductor, whom we, in our ignorance, imagine to be right, has only conceived the times of *Israel* since he has been a "Sir." In some such happy frame of mind the same scribe pens the following as a preliminary to a fierce onslaught upon *Gideon*, which is further on compared to a "very tough dumpling served up with sweet sauce":—"Of course the London critics will praise it; they are bound by ties of friendship, and nothing is more difficult than to write unfavourably of a friend. They doubtless agree that it is poor stuff; but 'it must be praised.' Being bound by no such chain, we feel that we enjoy a somewhat advantageous position in being able to express an unprejudiced opinion upon the merits of the work."

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the Festival in other respects, the business arrangements, under the superintendence of Mr. J. H. Brown, the ever-active and courteous secretary, have been beyond all praise; and so long as this gentleman retains his connection with the meetings,—one can hardly imagine one at Gloucester without him,—there is no fear of this most important department being open to anything but commendation. The police arrangements under Mr. Deputy Chief Constable Griffin have also been remarkable for their efficiency, not one single instance of any kind of depredation or disturbance having taken place throughout the week.

I must beg to correct a couple of printer's errors in last week's issue—viz., in page 577, 1st column, and 2nd line, read "tempi" for "terric"; and page 578, 1st column, 3rd line, substitute "taken" for "taking"—an improvement, I hope, in both cases.

DRINKWATER HARD.

3 Festival Sermon.

"Save us from our friends!"

The sermon on behalf of this charity, at the recent Gloucester Festival, was preached by the Rev. Canon Tinsling, who took for his text—"And the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple."—*Malachi iii. part of verse 1*. Here it is:—

"From the earliest time, certain, specified, particular places have been selected and set apart by man for the worship and service of his Creator—places where man might present himself before his God—places whither man should bring his sacrifices and offerings to his Maker. When the Jewish nation were about to settle down as a people, God told them that after they had passed the Jordan, 'then there shall be a place which the Lord your God shall choose to cause his name to dwell there,' (Deut. xii.) and so, as we pass onward in the history of God's people, we find God manifesting forth His acceptance of a particular place for His worship: 'I have hallowed this place which thou hast built, to put my name there for ever, and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there continually.' Moreover, God, by the mouth of His prophet (Isaiah lvi.), declares the object for which this place is set apart: 'Thus saith the Lord, Mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people.' And it is of this appointed place that the prophet Malachi speaks, 'The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple.' To His temple was the Incarnate Son of God brought in His infancy, and in His childhood; and to this temple did He come twice during His eventful life on earth, when 'He poured out the changers' money and overthrew the tables,' and left on record His own words, 'My house shall be called the house of prayer.' Thus far did the Lord Jesus fulfil the words of the prophet at His first coming, and still they stand a living

record of his second coming. But the Lord Jesus Christ at His first coming enjoined upon us that the worship of God was no longer to be limited to His Temple at Jerusalem, but the true worshipper should worship the Father in spirit and in truth; yes, 'The Lord whom ye seek' promised that even now, in the hour of doubt and of difficulty, in this world of trial, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.' So that in this Cathedral Church, consecrated and set apart for the worship and service of God, is the Lord God present to hear the prayers of his people; to pardon their sins; and to give to them His self-sustaining strength in the blessed sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

"Let me, then, lay down this principle for our guidance: 'The place whereon thou standest is holy ground. We, to whose care this fabric, and the Divine service connected with this Church are committed, have, amongst other duties, a responsibility in respect of the continual unintermitted daily public worship of Almighty God. You, who attend these Festivals, I need scarcely say, require to be careful in the prayers and services, as also in the other performances within this Cathedral Church, that, as far as in you lies, God's name may be hallowed, His presence acknowledged, Himself worshipped. And we, one and all, in the retirement of our closet, should consider before God whether such gatherings as the present within God's Temple tend to the advancement of God's glory and the good of souls? The vocal and instrumental performances at these Festivals have been of so high an order, and of so sacred a character, that for very many years permission has been granted for the special performances of what we term Oratorios within these consecrated walls. And yet it must not be forgotten that the preparation for these Oratorios, and the removal afterwards of the necessary requirements, have, in preceding years, greatly impeded and checked the daily public worship of Almighty God. To my mind it is very essential that we should ask ourselves some such question as the following—Should 'the Lord, whom we seek, come suddenly to His Temple' in this current week, would He drive us hence, as He drove the buyers and sellers of old? or do we conscientiously believe that the work in which we are engaged is so reverently and so religiously carried out to God's glory, that it would stand the sifting of His visible presence? This question seems to me to demand most solemn consideration: the reply cannot be an immediate unhesitating yes or no, as far as I have been able to grasp the subject. There are various considerations to be weighed, and weighed deeply and religiously. These Festivals have existed for very many years, though their character has changed materially. In early days the only music within the Cathedral appears to have been that which accompanied and so formed a part of the Divine service. Now, at the present time, the Cathedral and the Oratorios are considered as almost inseparable. As one of the Cathedral Clergy (not as a Steward of the Festival) I have been asked with much kindness to be the preacher on this occasion. I desire, in very deep earnestness, to make two or three suggestions respecting the future of these Festivals. I do so in much humility; and, that I may do so impartially, I propose first to consider the advantages to Religion which may be derived from the use of the Cathedral Church for these sacred performances; together with the objections which have been urged against it.

"1.—The highest order of sacred music, vocal and instrumental, is thus heard within the House of God. Against this it must be allowed that many are thus led to forget the spirit of that injunction of Jesus Christ, 'My house shall be called an house of prayer.' Many are thus led to look upon, and to use, the Cathedral Church as though it were a mere hall for music. II. The object is good for which these Festivals are held, and for which the alms are collected. But I must remind you that no object, however good in itself, can atone for any known desecration of the House of God. We may 'not do evil that good may come.' III. It is good to gather the city and the county together within the Cathedral Church. But this will be merely a social benefit, unless by these gatherings God's honour and God's glory are advanced. There is one other point which I would mention, viz.: the commercial advantage derived by the city from this Festival, connected as it is with the Mother Church of the Diocese; and this to my mind should not be lightly cast aside. But I must here recall to you Christ's own words: 'Make not My Father's house a house of merchandise.'

Let me, then, lay down this second principle. No commercial advantage to the city—no object however good in itself—no gathering together of the county and city—no amount of sacred music, however high the character of that music, can make up for any actual desecration of God's House of prayer.

"Thus far I have endeavoured to enforce these two principles:

"1.—The sacredness of this House of God.

"2.—That nothing can atone for any actual desecration of the House of God.

"And why should I so earnestly desire to lay down these principles clearly and unmistakably; because I read in the word of God, 'If any man defile the Temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the Temple of God is Holy: and I know that 'Holiness becometh God's House for ever.' Yes! and I moreover know that in defiling the Temple of God, men defile themselves, for, writes the Apostle, 'know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you'; men need to be on their guard, lest, through forgetfulness or through neglect on their part, they not only err themselves, but lead others to forgetfulness of Him who is their Creator, their Lord, and their God. 'The ways of man may be right in his own sight, but God

pondereth the heart.' As a Cathedral body, it is our bounden duty to be jealous, with a Godly jealousy, of any desecration of God's House of Prayer; and to be equally earnest that those who assemble within these walls should not leave this ancient Cathedral with a bare recollection of its historic character, its architectural beauty, and its acoustic pre-eminence, but that they should be able to recall the religious life which had received its quickening power from the divine services within the Cathedral Church.

"In looking back to the past history of these Festivals in connection with this Cathedral Church; the lengthened intermission of daily public prayer; the heavy expenditure for the amount realized to the charity; the forgetfulness by many that the ground on which these gatherings have been sanctioned is 'holy ground'; the intermingling of public amusement with the most solemn words of inspiration—in looking back and weighing deeply these different points, I have often wished that these Festivals had been held in other buildings, and not in the Cathedral Church; and yet, on mature and prayerful consideration of the entire subject, I see no reason why these Festivals should not become of real soul-saving power, if only they were made exclusively religious meetings: (e.g.)

I.—"By the entire withdrawal of public amusement from the Festival week.

II.—"By the daily services being organized by the Cathedral body, and recognized by them, and by the Stewards of the Festival, as one real living feature in the programme. The morning service remaining as at present, with the addition (it might be) of an early celebration of the Holy Communion day by day; and (after the Oratorio, and after lengthened time for rest and for refreshment) concluding each day with Evensong in the Nave: free, open, without money and without price, for all, rich as well as poor, with combined choirs, and with select preachers, which might give to these Festivals a power of reviving within us some of the best, the holiest, and the deepest feelings in our fallen human nature. Thus, instead of the House of God being looked upon in the light of a hall for music, many might look back upon these festive meetings as seasons in which they had been permitted so to recognize God in His temple, as to look onward and upward to His coming again in His glory. I wish clearly to be understood: I do not intend in any way to decri any particular class of public amusement, but simply the inexpediency of the time selected. My heart's desire is to infuse on the minds of those who hear me the utter impossibility of reconciling the religious character of a Festival, for which the House of God is required for *The Messiah* in the morning and afternoon, whilst arrangements are made in the evening of the same day, (and that day the Church's day of self-restriction,) for special public amusement with which to finish up the week. Should it be that a Charity so real and so pure in its conception can be largely assisted by a Festival of an exclusively religious character, I believe that the hearts of many would rejoice.

"The present position is not, as far as I can ascertain, satisfactory to any large body of persons. Responsibility we all have, and I do not think the responsibility less because we turn our backs upon it; responsibility we must meet in love, not sternly, yet boldly, looking gently on the faults of others, looking severely on ourselves and on our shortcomings. And may God, who alone can order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men, guide us onward step by step, that we may each one of us be prepared for that hour when 'the Lord whom we seek shall suddenly come to His Temple.'

"The object for which the alms are collected during the Festival is well known, viz.: the Widow and Orphans of the Clergy in the Diocese of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford. The pecuniary means of a very large body of the English clergy (priests and deacons) are very slender—the official income is in many instances altogether insufficient to maintain a family. The clergy are debarred from almost every increase of income, excepting by tuition; and tuition, whilst it affords in certain instances an ample income at the time, entails very commonly a proportionate necessary expenditure; and thus it is, as soon as the father of a family is cut down—the bread-earner removed—the family in too many instances is left destitute of the bare necessities of life. The number of applicants for assistance is large. Those who minister to you in spiritual things may fairly hope to be partakers of your earthly things. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it heartily, do it cheerfully, do it unto God; and may He, who gave Himself for you, accept your offering as made unto Himself. My brethren, we may all help during this Festival to give a religious tone and character to that which may take place within these consecrated walls. Let us endeavour to lead others to realize, as we ourselves endeavour to realize, that this is no other than the House of God—a portion of the one vast Temple of the living God—to which 'the Lord, whom we seek, shall come, it may be 'suddenly, in his glory;' may we be prepared from our hearts to say, 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus!'

It is not the sermon which is so curious, but the fact of a clergyman holding such views being invited to preach on such an occasion. Everybody at Gloucester was aware that the Rev. Canon Tinning entertained grave objections to the Festival, just as grave as those entertained by either the Bishop or the Dean of the diocese. But Bishop Ellicott (high church), and Dean Law (low church), had both the good sense to keep away from Gloucester during Festival week—as on former occasions; and

Canon Tinning would have done well to follow their example. As it happened, the rev. gentleman accepted a brief, and pleaded strongly against his clients.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A PARIS musical journal calls attention to the indiscretion of the *Messenger de Toulouse*, which has gone off with a salute, before the proper time, in honour of M. Capoul's success in the United States. "The illustrious tenor," says the *Messenger*, "sang in Gounod's *Faust* before more than 15,000 persons, and obtained one of those successes which make an epoch in the life of an artist." The theatre holding "more than 15,000 persons," is not mentioned; and the fact is altogether lost sight of that M. Capoul is not to make his first appearance in America until the 22nd of this month.

THE war, and especially the siege of Paris, has caused a number of changes to be made in the direction and administration of the French theatres. M. Mangin, formerly musical conductor at the Théâtre Lyrique, which, for the present at least, is not, it appears, to be rebuilt, has accepted the post of chef d'orchestre at Lyons. M. Hasselmans, formerly director of the Strasburg Conservatoire, has left his native city to become chef d'orchestre at the Hague. The municipality of Marseilles, having found itself obliged to withdraw the liberal subvention (250,000 fr.) which it had hitherto accorded to its principal theatre, the manager declines to continue the speculation, and accordingly the house is closed, and is likely, it is said, to remain so. There is some talk about rebuilding the Porte St. Martin Theatre in such a manner that it may be used as a concert-room by day or as an opera house by night. M. Carvalho, abandoning the ruins of the Théâtre Lyrique, wishes to erect an immense concert hall, in the style of the Albert Hall at Kensington. There are to be places for ten thousand spectators, or perhaps, we should say, auditors; the orchestra and chorus will consist of 2,000 executants, including 200 violins, 100 altos, 100 violoncellos, 100 double basses, and so on; and according to *La Liberté*, it has been already decided that the first concert or "festival" is to be given for the benefit of the victims of the war. "Nothing," remarks *Le Ménestrel*, "is now wanting but the millions indispensable for this vast enterprise." It was already known that M. Emile Perren had left the Opéra to undertake the management of the Théâtre Français. He is replaced (provisionally) at the Opéra by M. Halanier.

AN ANTIPODEAN EFFECT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—In rendering Haydn's Oratorio *Creation*, our local Philharmonic Society insists upon illustrating the creation of light in what appears to me a most ludicrous manner, viz.: by a display of gas. Their mode of procedure is as follows:—

Before commencing the overture, all the lights are turned down, just so much as to allow the players in the orchestra to see their scores. The performance proceeds in this fashion until the end of the first chorus, when the lights are suddenly turned up on the word "light."

On being remonstrated with, the Committee give, as their authority, the practice of the Sacred Harmonic Society; but I can hardly believe that Sir Michael Costa would lend himself to such an undignified proceeding, amounting to nothing short of profanity. May I ask you, through the medium of your columns, to state if such is the practice of any Society in London, or elsewhere?

Trusting you will reply in an early number of your journal,

I am, Sir, yours very truly, J. G.

Adelaide, July 17th, 1871.

[The late M. Jullien used to play tricks with gas; and the Committee of the Adelaide Philharmonic evidently confound him with Sir Michael Costa, who does nothing of the kind. We should like to see a bold man venture to propose such a *coup de théâtre* at Exeter Hall.—Ed. M.W.]

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT has been expressly engaged by Mr. Edward Murray to conduct the classical and sacred music at the Covent Garden concert.

SIGNOR LI CALSI is engaged as musical director by Mr. Mapleson for his Italian opera tour in Liverpool, Manchester, Dublin, &c. Signor Li Calsi left town on Monday, to join the *troupe* at Dublin.

PROVINCIAL.

LEANELLY.—The following is taken from a notice in the *Carmarthen Journal* of a recent concert:—

It was a great misfortune that the pavilion was so unpleasantly crowded, for the hum of voices at times grew so loud as to convince the vocalists that it would not be possible to make themselves heard. The president and conductor of the Festival exerted themselves continually to induce the vast auditory to be quiet, and by dint of perseverance succeeded in obtaining partial silence. Had there been a complete cessation of noise, everyone present would have found that endurance would have had its reward. However, the utmost good humour prevailed throughout. Even the crash of benches giving way under the enormous weight of their loads, served but to excite merriment. From what has been stated, it will be gathered that the artists laboured under great difficulties, but they, too, bore everything with good temper. Miss Edmonds in particular, whenever she came to the front, displayed a winning smile, which often evoked a cheer in return. It would be unfair to enter on a detailed criticism where the effect intended was marred by circumstances over which the artist could not exercise control. But it was noticeable how quickly the din subsided as soon as the voice of Miss Edmonds was heard. Her popularity has been thoroughly established, and we expected this would be the result. It is not every day that so many of the working classes can enjoy the privilege of hearing one of the sweetest of the nightingales of Wales. More than once an *encore* was demanded, but could not be permitted, seeing the atmosphere in the building was so oppressively hot."

MANCHESTER.—The following is taken from the *Examiner* of September 9th:—

"The eighteenth annual brass band contest was held at Belle Vue Gardens, on Monday, and attracted about 25,000 visitors. The contest commenced a little after one o'clock, and was not completed until half-past eight. During the whole of this time the large hall was literally packed. The test piece was a selection from *Il Barbiere*, arranged by Mr. Winterbottom, bandmaster of the Royal Marines, Plymouth. The judges were Mr. Haydn Millars, Royal Scots Greys, Mr. Dan Godfrey, Grenadier Guards, and Mr. Sam Hughes, Royal Italian Opera. These gentlemen were commissioned to award prizes to the amount of £200. The first prize of £30, with an additional prize, value £27, consisting of a monster double B flat bass, presented by Mr. Joseph Higham, Manchester, was won, after a keen contest, by the Black Dyke Mills Band, Queensbury, Yorkshire, conducted by Samuel Longbottom. A contest euphonium, value 19 guineas, presented by Mr. S. A. Chappell, and awarded to the band containing the best performers of the parts arranged in the contest piece for the euphonium, also fell to the lot of this band. It was fully expected that the Bacup band, which on the two preceding occasions has won the first prize, would carry it off again this year, but they did not come up to expectation. The Bury Borough Brass Band, conducted by James Briggs, took the second prize of £20, and an E flat contra bass, presented by Mr. Higham, value £25. The third prize of £11 was claimed by the Bacup Band, which also won a 'contest cornet,' value 12 guineas, awarded by Mr. Chappell. This band also came into possession of a monster E flat contra bass, presented by Messrs. Distin and Co. The fourth prize was taken by the Robin Hood Rifles band. The members appeared on the platform in their uniform of Lincoln-green, and were warmly cheered. The 17th L.R.V., Burnley, took the fifth prize of £5. The contest was exceedingly creditable to the competing bands, and the listeners appeared to derive much satisfaction from the excellent playing."

LEICESTER.—The *Journal* of Friday, September 8, says Mr. Henry Nicholson gave a ballad concert at the Temperance Hall, on Monday night, with Miss Enriquez, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. Santley, as vocalists, Mr. Lindsay Sloper presiding at the pianoforte, the attendance being exceptionally good. The artists were each in good voice, and the concert was a success. It opened with Balfe's quartet, "Lo! the early beam of morning," which was sung with care and finish. "Looking Back" (Sullivan), a ballad, was expressively rendered by Miss Enriquez, and at once established her position. Mr. Santley then came on, and received quite an ovation. He gave the "Bell Ringer" (Wallace), which was loudly redemanded. Miss Edith Wynne then, with grace and vivacity really charming, rendered "O! bid your faithful Ariel fly" (G. Linley). Mr. Lindsay Sloper followed on the pianoforte with a fantasia on English ballads, and was loudly applauded. Mr. W. H. Cummings (who had previously distinguished himself then rendered, in a sweet and tender manner, Felicien David's barcarolle, "O, ma maitresse" (*Lalla Rookh*), and was encored. Not to enter further upon details, the concert as a whole illustrated the advantage which highly trained vocal artists possess, and Mr. Nicholson may fairly be congratulated upon the success attained.

THE RECENT GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL

(RETROSPECT.)

Speaking of *Messiah* day (Friday as usual), the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* of Sept. 9, says:—

"The end of the Festival has come without disappointing expectations. No matter what the failure of previous days—whether it be that performances are bad, audiences small, or collections meagre—Friday is looked for to set matters right, and to show how 'all's well that ends well;' and Friday justified the reliance placed upon it. Then are the streets of the Festival town at their gayest; then do all manner of vehicles, from well-appointed carriages, to that token of respectability, the gig, pour in from outlying districts, laden with eager candidates for a place in the Cathedral; then, if, mayhap, anybody has a spare flag, it is hung out to such breezes as choose to blow; and then do the bells ring with more than ever of persistency and noise. Gloucester to-day has been *en fete*, wearing the aspect of a city which entertains no doubt about the sufficiency of its provocation thereto, and disposed to let rejoicing be uppermost. So much could hardly be said of the town earlier in the week. Not that the Gloucesterians undervalue the Festival as a whole, for they seem quite alive to the opportunities and privileges it confers; but on other days than Friday the popular interest of Gloucester in the time-honoured gathering is mainly represented by a semi-circle of spectators on College-green, and by a few critics of evening dress, who assemble in front of the Shire Hall. Truth to tell, the outside public have their sympathies called forth by the Festival in the smallest possible degree, the most exciting event open to them being the Mayor's progress to church on Tuesday morning, attended by the city sword, and cap of maintenance. So with nothing else to occupy them, the people review the audience in coldly critical mood, not disdaining an occasional free expression of decidedly personal opinion. On the Festival Friday, however, there is less distinction of classes, and more general sympathy with the proceedings in hand. The College-green crowd becomes greater than ever, and uses its ears more than its eyes as sounds of music float through the open gates of the Cathedral; while the entire city is pervaded by folks who have assumed with their holiday clothes an unmistakable holiday spirit."

"The explanation of all this is that Friday is the day of the *Messiah*—of the one musical work which, in the world's history, has become part alike of a nation's life and of its religion. During recent years the tendency of the Festival public has been to honour more and more the day on which Handel's sacred oratorio is performed. Especially does this tendency appear in a growing habit of reserving for it the mass of charitable donations. Written for a charity, and with a history which shows that, like Him of whom it treats, the *Messiah* has ever gone about 'doing good,' there is a singular propriety in thus distinguishing the time when its familiar strains are heard. As regards fitness for the lofty place it occupies in public esteem, a place Gloucester has well vindicated to-day, what need be said? There are things which require neither demonstration nor apology, and one such thing is the almost deification of Handel's immortal work."

MUSIC AT LIVERPOOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

A morning concert was given by Mr. Mapleson's troupe at the Philharmonic Hall, on Saturday last, and, despite the disagreeable weather, attracted a crowded audience. The personnel of the company has undergone considerable change since its last appearance in Liverpool, there being no fewer than four first appearances—viz., Mdle. Marimon and Signors Agnesi, Tessiman, and Mendioroz, while conspicuous among the absentees were Madame Sinico and Signor Bevignani. Considerable interest was attached to Mdle. Marimon's first appearance, she having created such a *furor* during the London season. The most favourable anticipations formed must have been more than realised. She sang the two operatic soli set down for her with all the grace and finish of a thorough artist, and was loudly applauded and recalled after each; while her exquisite vocalization in Ricci's valse, and the wonderful cadenza with which she concluded it, fairly brought down the house, rendering a repetition of the concluding portion of it absolutely indispensable. The warm reception accorded to Mdle. Tietjens upon her appearance, and the vigorous acknowledgements following each of her efforts, were eloquent of the fact that she still retains her place in the affections of Liverpool concert-goers. She narrowly escaped an *encore* each time she sang; but upon the conclusion of "Love, the pilgrim," the audience became so *exigant* that she was compelled to sing again, and gave "Home, sweet home" with exquisite pathos. Madame Trebelli-Bettini and Signor Foli fully sustained their reputations, and each paid the penalty of popularity with an extra song, the former giving as an *encore* "Il segreto." Signor Agnesi's contributions did not secure the acknowledgment they undoubtedly merited, partly attributable, perhaps, to the fact that he is a stranger to the good old town. His voice bears tokens of sedulous training, and in the duet with Mdle. Tietjens, told remarkably well. Of Signor Mendioroz we must speak with some reserve. His voice lacks tone in the upper register; but he sang carefully, his most successful effort being the acceptable, though hackneyed, "Eri tu," Signor Vizzani's absence was rendered the

more conspicuous and regrettable by the incapacity of Signor Tessiman, whose performances were certainly not perfect. We are at a loss to imagine upon what grounds that gentleman has succeeded in enlisting himself under the Maplesonian banner. In addition to the music set down to him, he took Signor Vizzani's part in the duet with Mdle. Marimon, and in place of that gentleman's "Salve Dimora" sang "La donna e mobile," a song so closely identified with the great vocalist whose retirement two short months since formed such a memorable incident of the London season. Suffice it to say, that in the gentleman in question we failed to perceive "Mario redivivus!" Signor Bevisgnani's mantle has fallen upon no unworthy successor in the person of Signor Li Calsi, whose accompaniments throughout were models of good taste and effectiveness.

MUSIC IN DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The annual season of Italian opera at the Theatre Royal commenced on Monday evening, when Mr. Harris provided a rich treat for his patrons by the engagement of Mr. Mapleson's talented *troupe* from Her Majesty's Opera. The company is a strong one, and consists of the following artists:—*Prime donne*, Mdle. Tietjens, Mdle. Marie Marimon, whose recent success in London has been duly chronicled; Mdle. Colombo, who made a favourable appearance at the Lyceum Theatre last winter, and Mdle. Ilma di Murska, an artist unrivalled in her particular line; the contraltos are the clever and versatile Trebelli-Bettini and Mdle. Fernandez; the tenors, Signori Prudenza, Vizzani, Rinaldini, and Mr. Wilford Morgan; and the basses, Signor Foli, a great favourite here, Signori Mendioroz, Agnesi, and Stefano, a young artist, of whom more will be heard; Signor Zoboli for basso comico; and those meritorious artists, Signor Casaboni and Mdle. Bauermeister, complete the company; and the band is that of Her Majesty's Opera, under the direction of Signor Li Calsi. On the opening night, Verdi's hackneyed but ever popular *Trovatore* was given, and, as a natural consequence, drew a crowded house. Mdle. Tietjens received a welcome which only an Irish audience can give, and it was some minutes before she could commence to sing. Mdme. Bettini was also enthusiastically received as Azucena. Signor Prudenza was the Manrico, and did his work well; but his voice is not altogether sympathetic. Signor Mendioroz was the representative of the Conte di Luna, and proved fairly successful, although he is not equal to many representatives of the part we have had here. The cast was completed by Signor Foli as Ferrando, and a thoroughly effective Ferrando he made. The encores were numerous, and the performance a decided success. Tuesday was the *début* in Dublin of Mdle. Marimon, and great expectations were raised with regard to the lady who has so rapidly made herself a name in London. On her appearance as "La Figlia del Regimento" she had an enormous reception. She seemed rather nervous, and it was only towards the end of the first act that she had full possession of her powers, her efforts up to this time hardly realising the expectations of the audience; but in "Convien partir" she made her mark, and from that time her success was assured. Signor Vizzani was the Tonio, and Signor Agnesi the bluff Sergeant Sulpizio. The operas announced for the rest of the week are *Anna Bolena*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, of which particulars anon.

LYCEUM.

With all the advantages of a well-selected company, a theatre luxuriously refurnished, and a picturesque drama introducing a charming young actress, Mr. H. L. Bateman, the father of the popular representative of Leah, commenced on Monday his first season of metropolitan management. The new drama, entitled *Fanchette, the Will o' the Wisp*, is a version of a story which has become familiar under a variety of forms. The plot is to be traced to *La Petite Fadette*, by Georges Sand, but some modifications have increased the dramatic effect of the present version. It would be an encroachment on space and time to relate at length the charming little pastoral which in this instance has the chief recommendation of making the town acquainted with another member of a clever family. It is sufficiently obvious that the choice of the opening piece has been dictated by the desire to present Miss Isabel Bateman as a *débutante* on the London boards under the most favourable circumstances. The young actress, who can be scarcely seventeen, shows, with the elder Miss Bateman, those personal gifts which are always recognised as an acquisition of great value for stage purposes, and it is sufficiently apparent that her professional tastes have been most assiduously cultivated. As the wild Breton peasant girl, wakening through the influence of love to a perception of the evil consequences of her early training, Miss Isabel Bateman evinced a freshness of style and a power of controlling the sympathies of the audience, which justify sanguine expectations of her

career. The development of her better nature under the warmth of passion is marked by the young actress with much power. The scene in which the despised "Will o' the Wisp" comes among the villagers, and, exacting from the young farmer who has won her affections the fulfilment of an old promise, afterwards bitterly repents the humiliation to which she had subjected him, brings into play the best powers of the girlish actress. Her stern rebuke to her thoughtless persecutors is excellently delivered; and her maidenly reserve in the situation which follows, where the Breton yeoman somewhat tardily claims the kiss to which he had been previously entitled by provincial custom, was depicted with charming delicacy. How the virtuous and self-sacrificing Fanchette, after the lapse of a year, comes back to the Breton homestead, and coaxes the stubborn father into a consent to the union with his son, need not be here recorded, further than with reference to the winning manner of the heroine who achieves the victory. Miss Isabel Bateman thoroughly secured the sympathies of a very numerous audience, and the fullest tribute to her capabilities was paid at the end of the second and third acts and on the final fall of the curtain.

AN ARTIST'S FATE.

Few of our theatre-going people but will remember the beautiful Amelia Garcia, who for three or four successive seasons won unbounded applause on the stage of our principal theatres. Young, lovely, and accomplished, the wonderful charm of her voice was augmented by great personal attractions. Gay, fascinating, and brilliant, she won admirers by the score, and at one time—in the height of her theatrical fame—was the acknowledged beauty of her profession. That such a woman should have suddenly died without her death being made known, is surprising. Nor will the public surprise be lessened when the fact is made known that she died a suicide. Her death occurred about two weeks ago in Jackson Street, near the corner of Annunciation, where she had resided for over a year past. It will be remembered that about two years since she quitted the stage, and retired to private life. She had become passionately enamoured of a gentleman in this city, and for his sake abandoned whatever of fame and prospect of advancement she had in her profession. She occasionally appeared on the street, always radiant, always beautiful, and whenever she came into the theatres or public places of amusement, she was the cynosure of all eyes. She enjoyed this public manifestation of admiration and sustained it regally. Had she never been a famous singer, Garcia would still have been admired for her splendid beauty. But it began to be whispered about that her life was not happy. Society had its observations that could not be neglected, and the poor singer, with all her beauty, could not retain an allegiance which society demanded to be broken. The conviction came upon her slowly, but it came at last. To one of her passionate nature there was nothing left for her but to die. It would be wrong, if it were possible, to lift the veil from those last hours of her life. Convinced that the happiness she had bartered so much to secure was slipping from her grasp, and the cheerless future spreading dark before her, she resorted to that Lethean cup, the poison of the suicide, in which to drown the sense of her misery, and the joyless life of a deserted and abandoned woman. It is said that the morning (some two weeks since) the final separation took place—when her friend said good-bye for the last time—Garcia ordered her servant to go to the drug store and fetch her some laudanum. The servant, suspecting her design, refused to go. The command, repeated still more imperatively, was disregarded, and the servant, with tears and entreaties, besought her to refrain from her wicked intentions. It had no effect, however, and she went herself for the poison. On what pretext she obtained it, is not known; but she did get it, and, having taken it, died. The residents in the neighbourhood say that about the time the poison must have commenced its fatal work she went and seated herself at the piano, and for more than an hour played and sang. Her rich, thrilling voice, rising to its full compass, revelled in the sweetest music they had ever heard. Strains of passionate sorrow mingled with the sorrowful cadence of a funeral dirge as the dying cantatrice sung her life away. Amelia Garcia was above 23 years of age, and a native of the West Indies. Her father was a Spanish Creole, and her mother a Jewess, a native of Germany. Her parents came to New York when she was quite young, and she commenced her professional career in that city. She sang one season at the Academy of Music in this city, and one or two engagements at other theatres. She left the stage, however, in 1869, and has not since appeared professionally in public. Such, in brief, was the career of one of the sweetest singers and most beautiful women of the age. Whether her life was good or evil it behoves not now to say. If she was reckless, frivolous, and gay, she had at least a passionate and loving nature, and died a suicide.—*New Orleans Picayune*, August 15.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"—Not if they have money.

AUS HOMBURGH.

(Extract from a letter.)

The brigand hats which Offenbach made fashionable at Baden three years ago are worn now of a bright blue colour, and an artist's canvas umbrella is part of the correct masculine costume. Ladies who are young look very attractive in Dolly Vardens; and ladies who have been young look very stately in Pompadours. So, for those two best hours of the day, people walk up and down, join in fresh groups, or loiter round the springs. At half-past eight the band stops playing, and every one strolls homeward with a good appetite for a bad breakfast. No town is worse supplied with provisions than Homburg. The butter is sour, the tea tasteless, and the bread a calamity. Still every one brings to the meal a sauce proverbially appetising, and none seem discontented. For the next three hours the town is dead: no one is about till one. At one all the bells of the hotels set up a wild clang, inviting visitors to the *table d'hôte*. There is a *table d'hôte* at one, and also at five; but if you go at one you meet all the Germans, and if you go at five you meet all the English. Of course you go at five. Meanwhile, you can dress for the band, which plays from three until dinner hour. Now, dressing for the band is a different process from dressing for the Brunnen: at least different in its results. This is the time to bring forth articles of raiment, which ladies say are "absolutely necessary," and which makes all feminine luggage exceed the 56lbs. allowed at Charing Cross. Now, however, comes the set-off against previous irritation and overcharge. The dresses are wonderful, and supply as various a topic as the weather or the crops. A military band plays, and such a band as our army does not possess. You have all kinds of music, from "An der schönen blauen Donau," to the symphonies of Haydn and Beethoven. Before the band ceases, Chevet's dinner bell has summoned its guests to the best *table d'hôte*, the other hotels follow, the company disperses, and the gardens are empty. Dinner is over at seven, but at seven the day is not at an end. It is Tuesday, and to-night Patti, Trebelli-Bettini, or "Zelia Trebelli," as she is called here, and Bettini are to sing in *Esmeralda*. The opera is produced under the direction of its composer, who has come, the bills tell us, all the way from London for the occasion. You can get a seat in the pit for twenty florins. To-morrow there will be a *bal paré*; your ticket of invitation will be on your breakfast-table when you return from your early walk. If you are a lady, you may dress as you like; if a gentleman, you must wear an evening coat. The ball begins at eight, the Kurhaus band plays, the Kurhaus master of the ceremonies presides, you dance if you like, or look on if you do not wish to dance. Meanwhile, in the next room, the wheel of fortune rotates, the ball drops in the golden harvest is reaped, as the two series of cards declare the alternations of *couleur*. Here, too, you have gay dresses and eager crowds, of all nations and all ages; money is staked, money lost, and Mr. Frith's croupier looks at his watch and yawns—a stolid countenance with a background of anxiety. X. X.

W A I F S.

Rich music—A million-airs.

Signora Tito Mattei, late Mdle. Columbo, joins Mr. Mapleson's operatic company as *prima donna*.

It is reported that Herr Hans von Bulow, the pianist, Abbé Liszt's son-in-law, is going to America next autumn.

M. Emile Jonas, composer of "Le canard à trois becs," has a new operetta, *Cinderella's Slippers*, in active rehearsal at the Gaiety Theatre.

Mr. Horton C. Allison has just completed an oratorio, entitled *Prayer*, the words of which are from the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

Sir Julius Benedict's *A Year and a Day*, and Mr. Howard Glover's *Once too Often*, are among the operettas likely to be brought out by the National English Opera Company, under the direction of Miss Rose Hersee, at the St. James's Theatre.

"We" (*Athenæum*) "learn that a controversy has arisen between M. Gounod and Messrs. Novello, respecting the publication of the former's music, which is likely soon to occupy the attention of the courts." [Let us hope not, for the sake of both parties.—A. S. S.]

Miss Emmeline Cole is engaged to perform in a series of Opera Bouffes, at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Friend. This young vocalist has made a decided hit, lately, in "Guy Mannering," at Liverpool, and, also, in the burlesque of "Nell Gwynne."

"I hope, Mrs. Giles," said a lady who was canvassing for a choir at the village church, "you will persuade your husband to join us. I am told he has a very sonorous voice." "A snorous voice, marn?" said Mrs. Giles. "Ah! you should hear it a comin' out of his nose when he's asleep."

Rob Roy, in a letter to the *Times*, describing his cruise on the *Zuyder Zee* (Holland), says:—

At Alkmaar, Music is going on in every street. Even the women shoeblacks are chanting as they brush, not melodiously, but not very discordantly. Men grind organs and sing, while they sell songs at the same time in vast quantities. Italian organ-grinders in London may take a hint from this, and do a double trade in harmony such as it is, and in pure literature such as it may be."

The prospectus for the forthcoming season of the Brixton Choral Society has been issued. Five works are announced for performance at the four concerts—viz., Handel's *Messiah* and *Samson*; Haydn's *Creation*; Mendelssohn's sacred cantata, *Lauda Sion*; and Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*. The first concert is to take place next month, in the Angell Town Institute. Mr. W. Lemare continues the conductor, and Mr. W. Harrison the accompanist.

There is a story told of a gentleman, over seven feet high, a talented member of the bar, almost unexcelled for his quiet, delicious humour. He was sitting in the stall of a theatre. When the curtain rose, a cry of "Down in front!" became general. Their attention was directed towards the tall B—, who thought he was required to settle a little. Looking as if he would like to settle through the floor, he proceeded to raise himself to a standing position, deliberately remarking "Gentlemen, to satisfy you that I was sitting down, I will now stand up!" A burst of laughter and applause succeeded, the audience and actors became convulsed, the curtain descended rapidly, the manager, with beaming face, came forward, and amidst the wildest applause, conducted the gentleman to a private box.

The foreign organists still hold sway at the Albert Hall, with the single exception of Mr. Best; but we are glad to chronicle that the gentleman who made his first appearance on Wednesday afternoon is certainly a step in advance of his predecessors. Mons. Lux, the Hessian organist, is evidently an established musician, and played his selection, especially Handel's prelude and fugue in F minor, in a far more massive style than his compeers. When are we to hear English organists in juxtaposition with their foreign brethren? Surely the authorities at South Kensington might give us an opportunity of comparing the various styles of organ playing, say by an Englishman in the morning and foreigner in the afternoon, and *vice versa*. If they are at a loss, we could furnish them with a tolerably long list of good names, of those, too, who would be both efficient and attractive.—*Musical Standard*.

Dulness still reigns in the Paris theatrical world. The Opera has been giving representations which no one has assisted at, the Italiens remains closed, and the Opéra Comique finds that the attractions of *Zampa* are not sufficiently great to make the speculation profitable. These houses will, therefore, find little consolation in the subsidies, for, while no increase is to be granted to the Italiens, the other two undergo diminution—the Opera 100,000fr., the Opéra Comique 50,000fr. The houses in question are indebted to M. Jules Simon for whatever they do obtain, as he defended the system before the Budget Committee, which, unfavourable to it previously, seems to have yielded to the arguments of the Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. The amount allowed (1,160,000fr.) is divided as follows:—The Opera, 600,000fr.; the Théâtre Français 240,000fr.; the Italiens, 100,000fr.; the Opéra Comique, 100,000fr.; the Odéon, 60,000fr.; and the Théâtre Lyrique, 60,000fr. This is the first time the Lyrique has been admitted to a participation.

The Paris papers report the death of the celebrated novelist, Charles Paul de Kock, who had attained his 78th year. He died in his apartments, 8, Boulevard St. Martin, which he had occupied for 40 years. The damage done to his country house, at Romainville, during the war, and the injury to his library, are ascribed as causes which hastened his death. "When he revisited his little country house, once so charming," says M. Racot, in the *Figaro*, "he exclaimed to his daughter, 'it is like a grave-yard.' In this house there was in former times a small but complete theatre, where most of the theatrical and artistic celebrities of Paris have at one time or other made their appearance. One fact is well worthy of record—Paul de Kock was not *décoré*. Not one of the Governments which have succeeded each other since 1830, and which have distributed crosses with an almost prodigal liberality, ever thought of recompensing in the person of the great popular novelist forty years of labour and a stainless life. Thus the well-known saying of Gavarni might be well applied to Paul de Kock—"a remarkable distinction—he is not decorated." M. de Kock was interred at Père la Chaise. His son, Henri Paul de Kock, both as vaudevilleist and novelist, but a shadowy reflection of his parent, is alive, and in a full state of productivity. The most perfect romances of Paul de Kock are unquestionably *Mon voisin Raymond*, *La Laitière de Montfermeil*, and *Un bon Enfant*, the last of which gives a moral lesson which the youngest of either sex might read with profit. His most powerful romances are, perhaps, *L'Homme de la Nature*, and *L'Homme Policé*.

A man with a bad appetite will, if he smoke, most assuredly eat still less—a noteworthy fact for smokers or others recovering from wasting illness or “off their feed” from whatever cause. This effect of tobacco, by the way, while an evil to the sick man who cannot eat enough, becomes a boon to the starved man who cannot get enough to eat; and ample illustration of this was furnished among the French and German soldiers in the recent war. Again, no man should smoke who has a dirty tongue, a bad taste in his mouth, or a weak or disordered digestion. In any such case he cannot relish his tobacco. It should be a golden rule with smokers, that the pipe or cigar which is not smoked with relish had better not be smoked at all. Indigestion in every shape is aggravated by smoking, but most especially that form of it commonly known as atonic and accompanied with flatulence. Diarrhoea, as a rule, is made worse by smoking.—*Food Journal*.

On August 31st a new chance to the parish church of Windermere was consecrated by Dr. Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, and on the same occasion a new organ of two manuals, by Wadsworth, of Manchester, was successfully inaugurated by Dr. Spark, whose playing at the service, and also at a subsequent recital, afforded much gratification. The Bishop preached from Luke xiv., v. 23—“Compel them to come in that my house may be filled.” In the course of his remarks the preacher said, “There is just one other point connected with the service to which I think it may be well to call your attention. It is that in which the clergyman has much less to do, and in which the people can take part to their heart’s content—the musical portion. Do not think I insist too much upon the externals of musical accompaniments to the service when I argue for the value of good music. I cannot enter upon the question now, but I must say that the service of the Church of England is essentially a musical service, that the Book of Common Prayer is essentially a musical book, and that if we reduce the glorious service which the Reformation provided us to the bare, cold, unmusical skeleton to which it has sometimes been reduced, we do an injustice to the Prayer Book, to the Reformation, and to those of our brethren who are only too willing to make excuse. Do not let us allow all the fascinations of song to be monopolised by the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. I recommend nothing beyond the bounds of good taste and sound judgment. But I do believe that of all the compulsions that can be brought to bear upon those who are inclined to make excuses, the compulsion of a musical hearty service is among the most successful.”

A MODEL EPILOGUE.

Protectors of genius! whose kindness we bless,
Who are here to save merit from future distress,
No grief more enduring may you ever know
Than the tear you’re beguiled of by our mimic woe.
The art which we’re told Nature’s faults can conceal,
Made Garrick six feet, and Dame Pritchard genteel,
Would ne’er have attained this pre-eminent day,
But for warm Liberality’s fostering ray.
Of the “High-mettled Racers,” my sire’s well-known strain,
Made you joy in his glory and grieve o’er his wane;
And shall not my muse, too, who owes every line
To the actor’s success, try to cheer his decline?
The pencil, the graver, the chisel, the pen,
When their masters expire, make them live o’er again;
Not so the tragedian, of whom may be said:
He oft dies when alive, but don’t live when he’s dead.
If his brilliant exertions are doomed thus to pass,
Like Banquo’s crowned phantoms, in Fate’s mystic glass,
Since uncertain the time he may with us appear,
Do, pray, make him happy as long as he’s here.
Yet one way there is, you’ll permit me to name,
By which the Profession have gained solid fame:
Of characters jealous we see them oft teach,
By practice those maxims the Drama may preach.
May the Fair, who by virtue embellish the stage,
In youth be beloved, and respected in age;
And may actors all join to support this day’s cause,
But ne’er want its produce except the applause.
Already intrusive, I’ve kept you too long,
But add, with respect, just to finish my song—
May gratitude echo for this glorious day,
From the city of London to York, lads, huzzah!

To Shirley Brooks, Esq.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

W. MORLEY (Islington).—“Le Lac,” romance, by W. C. Levey; “The Village Festival,” by Brinley Richards; “Sing to me a merry lay,” song by George Linley; “Aveline,” ballad, by W. F. Taylor; “Rose Buds,” mazurka, by W. F. Taylor.

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